

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. X.

JANUARY, 1898.

No. 3.

CANADA'S SHARE IN IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

BY CAPTAIN C. F. WINTER, OF "THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S FOOT GUARDS."

AMID all the functions and celebrations which have marked the recent Diamond Jubilee of our aged and beloved Sovereign, the "Imperial" sentiment and idea has been most prominent and pronounced, ever cropping out in the fore-front upon each and every occasion. To the friends of Imperial Federation throughout our world-wide Empire, this must be a source of very great satisfaction, augmented as it has been by the Imperial Government's recent denunciation of the Belgian and German Treaties, an action which should go far to atone for the indifference and neglect accorded their proposals in the past, even by those who, perhaps unconsciously, have, in the recent festivities in London, endorsed practically the very essence of the Federation movement among the British peoples. In these functions and endorsements, Canada, through her Premier and other representatives, has taken a very pronounced and leading part, and it seems in no way inopportune that her people should now, in the light of recent and present happenings in connection with our relations with our neighbours, look thoroughly into the matter of Defence, and see if they are doing their whole duty to themselves, their country, and the great national family of which they

form no inconsiderable nor insignificant part.

Nothing could be more hearty than the welcome given the military representatives of the Colonies at the recent Jubilee, and this, not on the part of Government officials alone, but by the whole people everywhere. The feeling of kinship, of enthusiastic pride in the growth and prosperity of those great communities which have sprung up beyond the seas, was universal; and, that it was most cordially reciprocated by the peoples of "Greater Britain," was more than apparent from the globe-encircling round of festivities which in every corner of the earth where Britons are established proclaimed their loyal adherence to the sway of England's Queen. Like a fond parent, the old land has patted us on the head; they have told us they hoped we would go on and prosper, and that "their last ship and last shilling were pledged for our defence," if need be. Scarcely a word was said about our share of the family burdens, though few Canadians can dwell seriously upon the position of affairs at present without coming to the conclusion that we have much the smaller end of the load, and, though often that load may be increased or added to for our protection, the weight of it has

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF A PAINTING.
A HARVEST SCENE IN FRANCE.
The original of this is now in the Gallery in Montreal, and was painted by Wyatt Lavon, a Canadian Artist, who died in 1866. See article in this issue.

never yet been shifted. At the present time, and for some time past, one of the most troublesome and threatening questions which have worried the Imperial Ministers in their relations with foreign states has been one of—you may call it—Canadian origin—one in which the rights to be redressed are those of Canadian citizens. These rights have been stoutly upheld and maintained for us—Imperial war-ships are now in Behring Sea, as much to see our seal fishermen treated fairly by the officials of a country jealously unfair in this respect towards our people, as to see the provisions of the finding of the Paris Award properly carried out. For this protection our citizens, directly or indirectly, contribute not one cent. We pay nothing towards the maintenance of a navy, the whole power and might of which is available in our need. There are, however, other ways of contributing to Imperial Defence than by direct money payments for the Fleets. Our chief duty, of course, is to develop our latent natural resources, and, for Canada, this must continue to be her leading aim; but, at the same time, does it not behoove our people to make adequate provision for the local protection of those interests, the enjoyment and development of which they are determined shall be proceeded with in their own time, in their own way, and under their own administration.

At the present time Canada spends about a million dollars annually on her Militia, and recently, at a cost of between two and three millions, has re-armed her entire force with modern magazine rifles and carbines, and up-to-date field artillery guns, all taking the same ammunition as those in the hands of the Imperial Regular troops. Many consider that having done this she should rest content, well pleased at having made this provision for what at worst is generally looked upon as a very improbable "might-be." Without, however, entering into the argument as to the chances of war with the United States, it should be remembered that if there is reason in providing a

workman with the best of tools, it is imperative, if good workmanship is to be expected when he does use them, that he be skilled and trained in their handling and use. Arms of precision, delicate in their parts, require careful handling, and are only really effective when in the hands of men trained and practiced in their use. Canada's capital expenditure will be unremunerative in days of trouble unless a sufficient annual expenditure to train our whole force yearly is made. Knowing that the matter of expenditure for Militia and Defence is by the majority of our citizens looked upon in an indifferent sort of way—it is tolerated, but many do not just see its necessity or utility—it may be mentioned that the cost per head of our population for all military services and works of every description, in 1895, reached a total of 32 cents; while the average cost to the people of the United States during the same year for military (Regular army) and militia (State Guards) services and works amounted to 57½ cents. This, notwithstanding their immense population, and not taking into account the Navy, which, of course, is a most important factor in their defence. It would be very unfair, of course, to contrast Canada with Great Britain, where the expenditure for military purposes alone, in 1895-6, averaged \$2.24 per head of the population, but it might not be out of place to remark that Switzerland, a country more advantageously guarded by Treaty guarantees of the Great Powers from hostile attack than Canada, yet expended an average of \$1.55 per head of population, in 1895, as a national insurance against disaster in the form of military expenditures.* From this one can realize at a glance how favoured Canada has been in this respect, inasmuch as her people have been mulcted for military purposes of all kinds to the extent of but 32 cents per head, one of the very lowest rates for similar services paid by any people in the world at the present time.

*Figures taken from "The Statesman's Year Book," 1896.

During the recent Jubilee festivities the question of Imperial Defence received more or less recognition—the Duke of Devonshire giving it his special attention, and very properly insisting that any adequate scheme must include ample provision by the Colonies themselves for their own local defence, whilst the Home Government sets as its task the continued command of the sea and the insurance of uninterrupted communication along the regular tracks of commerce and main routes of travel. The average taxation of an inhabitant of the British Isles for defensive purposes, *i.e.*, for combined military and naval services, was, in 1895, roughly speaking, in the neighbourhood of £1 sterling. As the whole of the forces represented by this taxation of £1 (except the volunteers in G. B.), is available for the defence and protection of all and every part of the Empire, equally as for the home defence of the Imperial taxpayer, it is scarcely to be wondered at that when it is found that while the Canadian pays but 32 cents, and the Australian (N.S.W. taken as example) about \$1, the old countryman pays a golden sovereign, many should advocate that some direct contribution should be made by the various Colonies to the Imperial Naval fund, and so reduce this glaring inequality in taxation for common defensive purposes. At first sight this looks quite reasonable. Canada or Australia stands as good a chance of loss in the English Channel or off the Carribean Sea, as they do along the line of the St. Lawrence, or off Torres Strait—Captain Mahan has taught us the far-reaching influence of sea power, and the corresponding baneful effects of its decadence—but, notwithstanding this, and the fact that our large Canadian shipping now gets every advantage of the protection of the British Navy, this can be paid for in a much better way than by any direct money contribution to the Imperial Naval Funds, such as we would be able, or willing, to give for this purpose. The view taken by Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, R.N., in his late

letter to the *Times*, anent the spontaneous offer of a first-class battleship to the Admiralty by the Authorities of Cape Colony, as a contribution to Imperial Defence, is undoubtedly the correct one. Lord Charles stated, in substance, that the better course was for the Colonies to establish their ports as better naval bases, and, rather than spend their contributions upon ships, to employ them in perfecting their own local defences, because every addition to their self-defence was, practically, an addition to Imperial Defence, inasmuch as it left free more of the Imperial regular forces of both services for strictly Imperial duties, and the defence of the heart of the Empire, rather than for scattered and more expensive effort spread over its outlying parts. A policy of this sort, rather than any direct contribution in money, also obviates any necessity for arrangement in respect to representation and control, a question sure to be raised, however small our contribution might appear in the Imperial Budget for Naval purposes. "Taxation without representation" is too old a question, and one of which they have had too much experience in the past, to again trouble the British peoples.

Britain has made the sea essentially her own—her capacity for building ships is wonderful and unsurpassed. The official figures for the last year are: Sea-going ships built in Great Britain in 1896, aggregate tonnage, 1,400,000 tons; aggregate tonnage of sea-going ships built during same year by all the other nations, 365,000 tons—so that we need scarcely trouble ourselves about the shipping part of it.* We might, however, do our share by training men—our maritime fishermen offer some of the very best material in the world—and by adding to the defences of our sea-ports. In the main, however, our duty to the Empire, and our share in Imperial Defence, lies, not in contributions to the Imperial Exchequer, but in improving our own local defence, in making it so it may be, in the event of hostilities, as much

*Figures taken from "Lloyd's Register, 1897."

as possible self-defensive and self-sustaining, and in educating our people so that they may rely more upon themselves and their own efforts and sacrifices than upon the red coats from over-sea, who would very probably in time of trouble be required more urgently somewhere else. This work of adding to our local defences, and thus contributing our share to the Imperial Defence of the whole, may be roughly detailed in the following manner:

A. LAND FORCES.

Improve the efficiency of our existing Militia Force.

(1) By providing for the training of all units annually.

In no other way can it be expected that the Militia will be able to perform the duties that will be exacted from the force in time of trouble, should such occur. The present course of twelve days' drill, though all too short from a purely military standpoint, is, probably, that best suited to meet the peculiar requirements of our Canadian population. Annual trainings should, however, be the rule, and not the exception, as has been too long the case in Canada in the past. The Corps that has not assembled for training for two, and as has been frequently the case, for three years, has at the expiration of the latter period quite lost any good it might have obtained from the previous drills—the personnel changes continually, and almost entirely new men have to be secured for each camp. Under these circumstances the only way to ensure what would be a nucleus of partially trained men having some knowledge of camp life and military discipline, is by the establishment of a rigid system of annual trainings for all Corps.

(2) By the provision throughout the Dominion of suitable rifle-ranges for the new Infantry arm, and the establishment of adequate facilities for the manufacture of its ammunition, as well as storage of the same at central points easy of access by the local units in time of need.

With new rifles of modern type it is

essential that our men should have the means of learning how to use them properly. For this purpose ranges which can be used with safety are indispensable. When providing her Militia in 1896 with magazine rifles, taking the same cartridge as those borne by the Imperial Regular Troops, Canada did a good deal for Imperial Defence; but her action in this regard will never be complete until supplemented by the provision of the necessary grounds where the art of good shooting with these new weapons can be inculcated. This is accentuated at the present time by the fact that during the current year many of our best corps of the Active Militia has been unfairly deprived of any musketry training whatever, owing to this absence of ranges where the "Lee-Enfield" can be used with impunity. The great necessity, from another point of view, for some training for raw men, however slight, is shown by the recent unfortunate accident in Ireland, whereby a promising young officer (Lieut. Sherwood) of the 1st Batt. "Leinster" Regiment ("The Royal Canadians," late 100th Foot), lost his life whilst instructing a squad of recruits at volley-firing on the Ballyglass Rifle Range, Tipperary. Such an occurrence, due apparently to the possibility of a cartridge being unintentionally left in the magazine after the firing, and exploded in performing the motions prescribed upon the command "cease firing," would be equally as probable with many of our recruits. The possibility of such occurrence adds to the necessity for adequate training facilities for our forces—raw and unaccustomed as the majority of them are to the use and care of the new rifle.

In the matter of the provision of ammunition, Canada can also do much for Imperial Defence by rendering herself wholly independent in respect of shell and small arms ammunition. At present the normal supply for our Militia is manufactured at Quebec, but with the small appropriations allowed for this purpose yearly, and our fron-

tier of immense distances, he would be a bold man indeed who would undertake to defend Canada in case of invasion with but this one quiver for his bow. As in all human probability our force is now armed as it will continue to be for the next 25 or 30 years, generous supplies of ammunition should be manufactured, and stored throughout the country at convenient centres, so that in the event of trouble, and the consequent sure interruption in our lines of communications, disaster could not result from an actual want of cartridges for the rifles of the men.

(3) By the establishment of a permanent Intelligence Branch of the Department of Militia and Defence. (a) For the accumulation and compilation of all military data bearing upon our frontiers. (b) The military supervision of all railways entering the Dominion. (c) The education of officers generally upon the geographical and topographical features of our borders, with the military and strategic value of the same.

The Intelligence Department of the Imperial War Office has undoubtedly accumulated much varied and valuable information upon the defences and natural resources of our country, and it may be relied upon with equal certainty that the Intelligence Department of the U.S. Army has collected similar data at Washington. In this age of rapid movement and quick succession of events, we cannot afford to be unequipped with what has become indispensable to the organized defence of all civilized States, viz., a permanent Intelligence Department. Railways now play a most important part in the operations of war, and those leading to our frontiers make the work of preparation for the invasion of Canada an easy task, so far as transportation is concerned. An organized watch, (not necessarily a permanent guard), should be kept upon these entrances, and particularly all important bridges and tunnels, so that no force could be landed quietly and surreptitiously, (as would no doubt be attempted by an active enemy), without the immediate

knowledge of our authorities. Telegraph and telephone communication should also be rendered capable of military control on short notice. Data that would be valuable in case of hostilities should also be accumulated in respect to the territories immediately contiguous to our frontiers, for although our whole Militia system is for "Defence, not defiance," yet the best defence is not always that which waits supinely until your opponent has quartered himself in your own immediate vicinity. "Knowledge is power," and in war nothing is more imperative than a knowledge, as complete as possible, of your own and enemy's territories. For this purpose Canada requires a small permanent Intelligence Branch, which, in the great scheme of Imperial Defence could render most valuable aid and service.

(4) By the organization of a first-class Militia Reserve, and the expansion of the cadet system.

Theoretically the whole of the adult male population of the country between the ages of 18 and 60—outside of those actually serving in the Active Militia—from the Militia Reserve of Canada, and in time of real need there is no question but that the great majority of them would be required, and forthcoming. Wars, however, now-a-days come to a climax so rapidly, and the need of men more or less trained is so imperative for success, (one needs but to recall the recent Turko-Grecian campaign), that any and all means of securing men with some military training should not be disregarded lightly. In time of stress, the enthusiasm and patriotic impulses of untrained thousands, while excellent in their way, cannot be of the same material assistance to their country as the disciplined efforts of hundreds possessed of military training and experience. Every year—speaking roughly—we lose one-third of our Active Force by men retiring upon the completion of their three years' term of enlistment. The majority of these men remain in the immediate vicinity of their local corps or company headquarters. Could not some system be

devised of retaining these men and keeping track of their addresses as a first reserve for some three or four years further, on the understanding that they could be immediately called up for service in case of mobilization? Even as "half a loaf is better than no bread," a little military experience is better than none at all, and these men could be counted upon to take their places in the ranks with less preparation by the Instructor than those who would be called up by the ballot. The present General Officer commanding the Militia (Major-General Gascoigne) has taken advantage of this principle to provide a Reserve of Officers, and there seems no reason why the same might not be extended to the N.C.O's. and Men with equal advantage and profit to the Force. The present veteran organizations of the "Queen's Own Rifles," "3rd Vics.," "2nd Regt. Canadian Artillery," and others of our leading corps, might be taken advantage of, and the idea extended and improved. These first-class reservists would be mature men, the very flower of our manhood, in fact, and of invaluable aid in furnishing back-bone and stamina, as well as other solid qualities to our active battalions, should mobilization ever require their united services.

The organization and encouragement of "Boys' Brigades," Cadet High School and collegiate companies, forms one of the very best means of providing, at little, if any, cost, a most valuable and useful auxiliary to our national Militia. None are fonder of or more easy to instruct in drill and the handling of arms than growing lads between 10 and 15 years of age—they take to it, as the saying is, like "young ducks to water," and the lessons then learnt of obedience to constituted authority, order and regularity, are seldom lost, but bear fruit in after years in the orderly decorum of respectable citizenship. Their boyish training also makes them the best of recruits for the Active Militia, and our most enthusiastic and smartest officers are generally those who, in boyhood days, have been mem-

bers of a cadet, collegiate, or High School company.

By extending and encouraging these youthful organizations, by adequate supplies of arms and appointments, and the provision of instructors, much good at comparatively little cost would be done—directly for the benefit of our own Force—ultimately for the larger and greater improvement of Imperial Defence.

(5) The gradual and systematic accumulation of camp equipment, and all kinds of non-perishable warlike stores, etc., etc., such as would be required on a sudden mobilization of our forces, and the annual appropriation by Parliament of a sufficient sum for such purpose.

The contingency of invasion is, we all think, and hope, remote; but, if it is at all at any time likely, it is our plain duty to remove it to a still greater distance by placing ourselves as much as possible in a state of preparation to resist, rather than to invite, the evil by our weakness and open assailability. One of the greatest of United States Presidents has left it as his opinion that "a defenceless position and a distinguished love of peace are the surest invitations to war." To the success of troops in the field nothing is more necessary, after good arms and leaders, than adequate stores and supplies—camp equipment, waggons, cooking and butchery implements, tools for repairs, spare accoutrements (we have not a "water-bottle" at present), hospital and medical supplies, etc., etc., and all the indispensable impedimenta that go to make an army's movements possible under the trying vicissitudes of modern campaign life before an active and aggressive enemy.

All these necessities are difficult, if not impossible, to obtain upon the short notice now preceding the actual outbreak of hostilities. As an example of this truth one has but to turn to the recent Turko-Grecian embroglio, and the helpless confusion and indiscriminate suffering that resulted to the army of Greece for lack of proper preparation while there was time for such. Almost

everything had been left to the last moment, and in these days of rapid movements and short wars, that alone was enough to ensure disaster. Canada cannot afford to run the same risk. It is poor economy for Parliament to pare down the Militia Votes annually, and then, at a moment of supreme danger, to pour millions into the lap of the Minister of Militia and Defence with the hysterical entreaty, "For God's sake save us!" The danger is that the time will be too short, and that before the requisite supplies for such a force as we would be compelled to mobilize could be delivered, the period of their utility to Canada would have passed. The common sense plan seems to be to gradually gather all such stores and supplies as will not deteriorate by keeping.

If ever invasion comes the duty of this force, it must seem plain to every Canadian, is to maintain intact our frontier water line of communication with the Great Lakes for sufficient time for an adequate flotilla of small gunboats and torpedo boat destroyers to reach the Lakes. To perform this duty our Militia ought reasonably to expect that all necessary supplies, etc., should be constantly maintained to thoroughly equip the whole force at short notice. Anything short of this is simply handicapping them in a work which the whole Dominion would expect them to undertake successfully, until help would be forthcoming, or greater forces mobilized. In no better way could we aid in the scheme of Imperial Defence than by placing our single Army Corps of Active Militia in a position to perform their functions, if this unhappily should ever become necessary, in a proper and satisfactory manner.

B. MARINE FORCES.

Theoretically, as provided by the "Militia Act" (Ch. 41, Revised Statutes of Canada, 1886), the Militia of Canada is composed of two great divisions—the land force and the marine force—but, as yet, no advantage has been taken of this legislation to form

or organize any units whatever of the Marine division. At the present time, when much attention throughout the Empire is being attracted to the propriety of Colonial contributions to Imperial Defence—meaning generally, to most people, direct assistance to the Royal Navy—and when our sea ports are soon to become enhanced in value and importance by the establishment of a fast Atlantic Service, whilst our coast lines, except at Halifax and Esquimalt, remain practically defenceless, it does seem that any consideration of Canada's share in Imperial Defence should naturally include some local scheme of protection for her maritime coast ports. Were a Marine branch of our Active Militia established along the coasts of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and New Brunswick, augmented by a few sub-marine mining and torpedo stations at the more important points, much valuable assistance would be rendered the Royal Navy; and, by the very existence of such aids, tend to diminish the work that in the event of war would fall upon the North Atlantic and West Indies Squadron in protecting our long and open coast line from the depredations of an enemy's cruisers and small craft. Pictou and Sydney, important coal producing points, and therefore of Imperial importance, are too valuable to be left open to any hostile gun-boat that might come along. In the Maritime Provinces we have a wealth of raw material from which an excellent Marine Force could be constituted. In 1895, between 30,000 and 40,000 fishermen in the three Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, and the extreme eastern portion of Quebec, participated in the distribution of the payment of the Fishing Bounty, while fully a third more had not complied sufficiently with the requirements of the Department to entitle them to share. (Report of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, 1896). It would require but a small augmentation of this Vote for Fishing Bounty (at present \$160,000 yearly, and represents the interest on the Award of \$4,500,000 paid to Canada

by the United States, under the terms of the Treaty of Washington (1871), for the use of Canadian waters by United States fishermen), to secure the services of as many of the more active and best suited of these men as would be required for an organized Marine Force. The presence of the ships of the North American and West Indies Squadron for a portion of each year at Halifax offers unsurpassed facilities for training the officers, petty officers, and selected men, in a similar manner as corresponding grades in our land forces are trained at present at our various Schools of Military Instruction; and now that a first-class battleship (H.M.S. "Renown") is attached to the Squadron, these facilities will be greater and better than before. That among our seafaring population exists excellent material for a Marine Force is self-evident, and that there is also a decided taste for the Navy among many of our young fellows is clear, from the fact that frequently men who have spent a season on our Dominion Fishery Protection Cruisers, and have imbibed a liking for the life, upon their discharge in the fall go down to Boston or New York and enlist in the Navy of the United States. This is done mainly because our own Imperial Royal Navy is difficult of access, owing to all the seamen being entered as boys in training ships, and thence working their way onwards—few grown men ever being accepted; whilst in the U.S. Navy they are only too glad to get a good seaman, be he man or boy, Yankee or foreigner. It seems a great pity that any of our Canadian bone and sinew should go to strengthen the naval power of a neighbour, none too friendly at any time, as a Government, to the interests and advancement of the Dominion. In obtaining seamen for their new ships, however, the United States have conveniently ignored the fact that they ever had an alien labour law!

With such grand raw material at our command, and the facilities for training afforded by Halifax and Esquimalt, the cost of organizing and

establishing a small and efficient Marine Force, to be the nucleus of a greater should occasion require, ought not to be excessive, and with measures taken to render our chief sea-ports capable of defence by torpedoes and submarine mines, would be an assistance in the scheme of Imperial Defence of the highest possible value to Canada and the Empire.

Along our shores of the Great Lakes a similar skeleton organization should be effected. Under Treaty, armed vessels, other than certain specified small crafts, are forbidden on the Great Lakes, but the U. S., in the construction of their recent new Revenue Cutters for those waters, have so closely verged upon the stipulation, if indeed they have not completely over-stepped it, that it requires but little foresight to see that in the event of trouble these waters would become of the very greatest importance to us, and their control a matter of more or less the determination of our destiny. At various points along the United States side organized Marine Militia is already in existence, and that these bodies have not been created solely for the fun of the thing is shown by the words reported as having been addressed to the men at Cleveland, Ohio, by the Inspecting Officer at a review of the State Marine Force at that place recently.

The opportunity for training and instruction on the Canadian side is not as good on the lakes as on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts; but, notwithstanding this, the skeleton organization of such a force is now opportune and would be invaluable in time of stress and danger.

Canada's action should therefore be in the direction of increasing and augmenting her resources for local defence rather than by any magnanimous offer, or direct contribution to the Royal Navy. In doing this she will contribute just as materially to Imperial Defence, and more effectively in the end, than by any other way. It may not look so imposing nor be capable of such dramatic presentment to an ad-

miring world, as Cape Colony's offer at the Jubilee of a first-class battleship, but it would, nevertheless, be of more lasting utility and far-reaching consequences in the great schemes of defence of a world-wide Empire. In the chain of Empire Canada forms a large

and most important link; to make this link as strong as possible locally, so that it may stand any strain the chain may have to bear, is the primary duty of Canadians; if each link does its duty to itself, the whole chain must prove sound and true.

C. F. Winter.

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON'S ONTOLOGY.

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON has recently published in America, under the title of "Relics of Primeval Life,"* the lectures on Pre-Cambrian Fossils which he delivered in November of 1895 at the Lowell Institute, Boston.

Sir William is, perhaps, the foremost living example of an orthodox man of science of the extreme type, of a man, that is, who combines the highest scientific investigation with the most rigid evangelical views. The combination is a difficult one. Let us see how he accomplishes it.

A couple of sentences will suffice.

"Reason, in short, requires us to believe in a First Cause, self-existent, omnipotent, all-wise, designing from the first a great and homogeneous plan, of which as yet but little has been discovered by us. Thus any rational scheme of development of the earth's population in geological time must be, not an agnostic evolution, but a reverent inquiry into the mode by which it pleased the Creator to proceed in His work."†

If we submit this to a critical analysis we shall see how difficult it is to attempt to construct a scientific ontology when fettered by the restraints of a theological pre-conception.

For "reason," had there been substituted that comfortable and comforting, but perhaps cloudy, word "faith," no exception could have been taken to this assertion; for about faith, as about tastes, there is no disputing. But Sir

William Dawson has appealed unto reason. To reason, then, let us go.

I. All our reasonings may be falsified by the limitations of our finite reason. That God should be cognoscible by human reason is surely as impossible as that man should be cognoscible by reptilian reason. Man's reason can no more conceive of the Deity than can a tadpole's reason conceive of man. The latter's is probably as purely ranal as has always been the former's purely anthropomorphic.

II. "A First Cause" is in reality unthinkable. The mind cannot conceive of any "first" unpreceded by any prior. It is a matter of time, and time, as Kant long ago showed, is a mere mode of the ego, a mere way of thinking, and has no existence outside the thinking mind. Nor have we at bottom any idea whatever of "cause." No possible relation other than that of time (that mode of the ego) has ever been perceived between cause and effect. Cause is a metaphysical fiction, and out of a metaphysical fiction no deity can be constructed.

III. "Self-existence" is also inconceivable. Existence, life, is known to us only through its manifestations, that is, through phænomena, phænomena which appeal to our senses. And what our senses are we do not know, much less what it is that is transmitted to us by them, what it is that stimulates them. Moreover, "self-existence" contains an inconceivability within an inconceivability, as it were; we can form no notion of life apart from phænomena; life, as we know it,

* New York, Chicago, and Toronto: Fleming H. Revel Co., 1897.

† Page 284.

is a congeries of manifestations. What underlies manifestation, or whether anything underlies manifestation, we do not know. Life, too, it seems, is a metaphysical—or rather, a physical—fiction.*

IV. "Omnipotent" is equally erroneous. Power is a relative term, and can be predicated of a being only when that being is comparable with another. "Omnipotent" means nothing more or less than absolute, and of the absolute (which perhaps also is in its way a metaphysical fiction), we can predicate nothing—which probably is one of the meanings to be attached to Hegel's deep paradox to the effect that being and non-being are identical, for of non-being also nothing is predicable.

V. To the term "All-wise" the same reasoning applies. This, too, is a relative term. And to the assertion that the "First Cause" is both "omnipotent" and "all-wise," it may be objected that the world as it exists to us gives much evidence of impotence and unwisdom. Does the waste, the misery, the pain and suffering, do the destructive forces of nature, does the wreck of effort, the extinction of species, the uninhabitability of planets, the apparent non-existence of any attainable goal, the seeming futility of any progress towards any goal—for if, as the physicists say, this earth will one day be unfit for human life, whereunto tends all so-called human "progress"?—do these things point to "omnipotence" and "all-wisdom"? If, as is generally argued, it is the limitations of human reason that prevent us from seeing that they do; if

"All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou can'st not see;

All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right;"**

is not this in itself an argument that it is necessary to transcend erring rea-

* Besides, is it not possible that "being" too, like space and time, may be altogether *a priori*?

** Pope, Essay on Man, II., x.

son, and appeal to faith, if we would posit an All-Wise and an Omnipotent? Unhappily, "la foi," as says Amiel, "est une certitude sans preuves;" and "étant sans preuves elle est le contraire de la science."††

VI. But this reasoning applies with special force to Sir William Dawson's next point, namely, that the "First Cause" has "designed from the first a great and homogeneous plan." No "design" is in reality perceptible in the universe, Paley's historic argument notwithstanding. To recognize design we must be able to see the purport of the design. There is a design in a watch, of course, because every one knows what the works are intended to do; they accomplish that for which they are intended. There is no design in the heap of scrap-iron in the back-yard of a foundry, filled though this may be with parts of machinery far more complicated than the wheels in a watch; and the universe bears a closer analogy to the heaped-up scrap-iron in the back-yard of a foundry than does it to the wheels of a watch. It is not design that we detect in the universe, it is what goes by the name of "law." And what, at bottom, is "law"? It is, surely, regularity of sequence. When *A* happens, up to the present we have always seen that *B* followed it. That is all. And we must remember that this sequence is sequence in time and space; and time and space, we must remember again, are both nothing but modes of the thinking and finite ego, the limitations of the individual mind. What an infinite ego, *i.e.*, an ego unconfined by the limitations of time and space may be, and if there is such an ego—those are questions that no science and no metaphysics can answer.

VII. Again, on what just grounds can this "plan" be called "great"? This "plan," to us, is . . . what? The visible universe only, the visible, tangible, audible, olfactable, gustable universe: a solar system with planets, comets, aerolites, some fixed stars, themselves perhaps centres of more

†† *Journal*, II., 131; Geneva: 1884.

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solar systems, a few nebulae. There is, once more, nothing with which to compare this cosmos. It may not be "great"; it may be very little indeed. And what, after all, is "great"? Is it not merely a matter of extension in space, a space which has no objective existence? Accordingly, we have no conception of what "great" may be. In short, we know nothing whatsoever about this external "universe," whether it be "great" or "little," or

whether it exists at all independently of our thinking minds.

This, it will be said, is the very abyss of agnosticism, the very vacuum of nescience. So be it. It is at least the rigid following of reason unfettered by any gyves whatsoever, theological or other, and therefore preferable to any heights scaled by any theology gossamers, to any plenum filled by any theological ghosts.

Arnold Haultain.



"LADY MINE."

'MID the flowers I found thee roaming
In the gloaming, lady mine ;
Tending like a queen, the roses,
Twining soft the scented vine.

Like a dream, I watched thee flitting ;
All unwitting one was nigh—
One who worships every action,
One who holds thy beauty high.

Bound was I by spell bewitching,
All enriching, all supreme ;
Noting well thy faultless features
Basking 'fore thine eyes' glad gleam.

Ah ! my love, my heart's fond vision,
Indecision binds my feet ;
Who am I to dare approach thee,
One so sacred—one so sweet ?

Nought but Heaven can aid me reaching,
All beseeching, love like thine ;
And to Heaven, I pray to raise me
Worthier of such love divine.

Hastings Weblyn.

THE VALLEY OF THE LOST PEOPLE.

A British Columbia Gold-Hunting Tale.

IT was the afternoon of an early summer day and the hot sun, blazing overhead, made it impossible to work. From my window, where I sat trying to get the benefit of all the stray breezes, I could see the heat quivering up from the ground, and the long, shining rails, running into the prairie, waved and floated in a haze. Opposite me, across the track, a man was sitting on a pile of ties slowly whittling a bit of wood, the ground about him white with shavings. He had been there since the morning and had never moved, except when he strolled over to the station to make some enquiry after a train. I could see he was impatient at the delay and I was vaguely curious as to whom he expected. At last a dull roar and humming of the rails proclaimed the incoming train, and soon, panting down the line, came the long freight, the switches clanking as it was side-tracked. It was a very long train and completely blocked the view in front, so that I lost sight of the man on the pile of ties.

While watching idly, I noticed something black moving in the shadow under a car, then a leg was thrust out into the sunshine followed by its fellow, and then I saw a man backing out on his hands and knees. Travelling on the wheel trucks is sometimes done by the poor in pocket yet great of heart—for no coward could travel on a truck; and I had seen it before. Once clear of the car, the man rose to his feet and began to stretch himself slowly and luxuriously, to rid himself of the cramps incident to his posture during the journey. Seeing me at the window, he stopped and instantly walked up, dusting his clothes the while. He was a huge fellow in rather tattered clothes and high boots, with a great red beard and an assertive air; overbearing, yet not a bully. As he neared me he called out:

"Is there any water hereabouts, stranger? I'm that dry and dusty?"

"Wait a minute," I said, and, stepping back into the room, I got a jug of water and a glass which I placed upon the window sill, adding thereto a bottle of whiskey. Scorning the glass, he already had the jug to his mouth when I put down the bottle, but he instantly lowered it, and, filling the glass to the brim with the raw spirit, drank it down without a wink.

"Thanks, stranger! That's good!"

"Pretty dry travelling," I remarked, "good deal of dust comes your way on the truck." A man who could take down my strongest spirit raw, is a man whose acquaintance must be cultivated.

"Dry is it? I've swallowed all the loose dust on the track for the last twenty miles."

"Why did you travel that way?" I asked.

"Had to or stay away. Hev ye seen——" I bethought me of the man on the lumber pile opposite, hidden by the intervening train.

"I know who you want," I interrupted. "He was sitting on some ties across the track just before you came in."

"How d'ye know?" he asked.

"I saw him waiting for someone and I expect you're the man. Run around and see."

He returned to the track and, falling on his hands and knees, crawled underneath the car. In a few moments he reappeared followed by the man who had been whittling, and together they walked back to me. My first acquaintance, with an interrogatory lift of his eyebrows, took the bottle from the sill, filled the glass and gave it to his companion, and then, putting the bottle to his mouth, took the rest off at a draught. The other diluted his spirit and drank

more slowly, winking hard. Then the big man spoke.

"Now I've drunk, an' the dust is laid, we'll have a bit of oratory. We've come out to a strange lan' an' ye've shown us yir hospitality—which is whiskey; an' that not stinted. An' now to be proper an' parliamentary, my name is Dennis Galbraith an' this is Lil' Gus Carnegie, both gentlemen of fortune, but millionaires which is to be. Can ye see us privit?"

The office was empty and I went round to the door and let them in. Galbraith marched in like a king and took my easy, revolving chair, while Carnegie, small and weazened, perched upon a high stool like a monkey. I sat on my desk. Galbraith's eye roved over the room searchingly.

"No more whiskey, eh? Well, ye've treated us well an' we'll be askin' no more. Have ye got a map of this part of the country—large an' plain with all the rivers an' hills an' plains marked?"

Surprised, I got down what he wanted and spread it out on the desk in front of him. He put a dirty finger on the spot where the railway crosses the Rockies and slowly moved it up till he came to a thread-like line marked Smoky River.

"There," he said triumphantly. "I said millionaires, didn't I? Well it's billionaires. It's Solomon in all his glory. Did ye ever hear of the Sun Dance Valley an' the gold? There or thereabouts—that's what we've got to find, is where the Sun Dance River is, risin' in the heart of the mountains an' flowin' into Smoky River, runnin' through a valley of gold. Gold in heaps! It's only known to some Injins an' none of them will go near it for some curse or other, an' it runs over sich cliffs an' through sich canyons; no white man ever got to the yellow paradise alive, bein' such rough work. But Dan Galbraith is goin' to go an' see an' get. I heard all about it from a chief wot I made blind drunk down in the Kootenay, an' he has seen the gold lyin' thick but daren't touch. An' he says if a man takes plenty of food an' ammunition an' rope an' pluck

he can get there an' help himself. Now I'm goin' with Lil' Gus Carnegie here to fetch it an' cause ye helped lay the dust, an' if ye're civil with the books an' maps we want, why we'll remember ye when we get back."

"But man," I said, "you two can't make a journey of that length all alone. It's a devil of a distance away. You would need to make up a large party and have a mule train and—"

"And a corps o' Royal Engineers, an' an hydraulic outfit, an' a railway, an' a gang o' navvies, an' all that truck. No! We're in this alone, Gus an' me. There ain't gold enuff in the whole mountains to satisfy me, let alone a crowd of clawin', greedy prospectorers. No! It's all for Gus an' me. I got all the information from the Injin an' tole Gus here enough to make him come too. He's handy an' willin' an' can shoot straight. I'll remember you 'cos you gave us whiskey. If ye've any more maps or books on the subject, trot 'em out, so as we'll know just what to do."

I ransacked the rickety bookshelf, got out government reports on minerals, reports of surveys, histories of gold mining, practical hints as to outfits, together with maps of all sections of the country, and far into the night we worked—Galbraith calculating on his fingers, on stray scraps of paper, making rough drafts of sections of the country, while I made out a list from several books of goods and provisions required for the journey. The express had passed the window and gone roaring into the outer darkness, the freight train had crawled away noisily and up through the silence came the sounds of the prairies; sounds to which a man cannot listen long and sit unmoved.

At last Galbraith was satisfied and, rising, stretched his huge frame, making his big joints crack. Carnegie roamed about restlessly.

"Now we've done an' we'll quit. I've got most of it all by heart an' the rest at my finger tips. We're much obliged for the use of yir books an' the trouble ye've tuk. We'll see ye again before we go. Good-night to ye."

Turning, he left the room, followed by the silent Carnegie, and together they disappeared into the night.

I did not see them again for several days though thinking often about them and their wild chase. Galbraith, strong and masterful, seemed the man to reach the treasure if any could; but I had heard strange tales of the Sun Dance River and the valley of gold and doubted if it was possible.

One afternoon the two appeared at the office equipped for the journey.

"Afternoon!" said Galbraith. "We're off for gold, to return as Solomons an' Queens of Sheby. See here!" He went round the corner and returned shortly leading two horses and four mules. "Them horses an' them mules is to carry us an' our provisions an' tools. That's goin'. Comin' home, them horses an' them mules 'ull carry the gold an' we'll carry ourselves. Them animals 'ull carry a ton a-piece."

"How will you get food coming back?" I queried.

"Shoot it. Me and Gus. Gus shoots well. Lord! I've chased niggers at Zanzibar, an' sweated after dacoits in Burmy, an' chivied cattle thieves on the La Plata, but this gold chasin' beats all. Get aboard, Carnegie, an' let's off. Good-bye an' a pleasant meetin' on our return."

Both men shook hands with me and then mounted their horses. I handed them the leading reins of the pack mules and set all going with a smack on the flank of Galbraith's horse. Together they rode up the trail and I watched them till out of sight.

The summer passed quickly and autumn was fast nearing its end, yet no word came from the north. I was anxious about their welfare, but I must admit that an itching to finger my share of the prize was the predominant feeling during their absence. Galbraith, I felt, would be generous, and I had confidence enough in him to know that he would see me if he ever returned. He had counted on taking three weeks to go and four to come back—the mules being laden—if every-

thing went all right, and it was now over four months since I had seen them disappear up the road.

One evening I returned to the office to finish some plans, and, after a few hours work, crossed over to the station to have a chat with the agent, returning when the express had passed. As I walked up to the door, which stood wide open, though I remembered having shut it, I heard a noise in the office as if a chair run quickly upon its casters, followed by a rustle and several heavy thuds on the floor. Hurrying in, I found the chair overturned in the corner, the aforementioned rickety shelf hanging by one side, all the books and papers over the floor, and, strangest of all, a small figure of a man huddled beside the desk, leaning over with an outspread map before him. He never heard me come in, and when I put my hand on his shoulder he shrieked and sprang into the air as if he had received an electric shock. I saw his face. It was Carnegie!

At once he yelled, "Lemme 'lone. I'm tryin' to find him. He's somewheres up there in the Valley of Gold." He pointed to the map with a hand crooked and bent like an eagle's claw. His wrists, sticking out beyond his tattered sleeve, were mere bone and skin, his face was haggard and sunken and his clothes were in rags. As he saw me the wild light died slowly out of his eyes and recognition dawned in them. He whimpered.

"Oh, you're the man wot showed him them maps an' things an' which he promised gold to?"

"Yes!" I said, sharply, for he had mused my things. "Where's Galbraith?"

"Galbraith?" he repeated vacantly "Galbraith! Oh, I haven't seen him for years. Who's Galbraith?"

The man was shaking and idiotic. I got a flask of brandy and put it to his lips. He feebly struggled as I poured it down, while he coughed and choked at the fiery liquor. But I had seen those symptoms before, when a man is too much alone on the mountains and sees and hears those things

it is not lawful for a man to see or hear and live.

"Now!" I said, roughly, when I thought the brandy had done its work. "Where's Galbraith? What's become of Galbraith?"

The man looked up at me and I could see his eyes were sane.

"I don't know as I can tell it all," he answered, "it seems so long ago; so many things have happened since."

"You rode away from here one day in May," I said; "you and Galbraith, with two horses and four mules. What happened then?"

"Well, me an' Galbraith rode an' rode for days, right up north, keepin' close to the mountains on our left, lookin' out allus for Smoky River an' not findin' it; eatin' what we carried on the mules an' never gettin' a shot at nuthin'. I asked Galbraith how'd we get home if we'd eat all the grub an' couldn't shoot none, but he only says, 'I'd eat the gold, if I couldn't get nuthin' else.' He was clear mad for that gold. Well, we rode day after day, sleepin' at night in the open, with Galbraith sittin' up studyin' his maps an' charts an' plans an' mutterin' like an earthquake. An' he'd stuff his beard into his mouth an' swear an' walk about, fidgetin' like an infant. Then as we went on, we kept in closer to the mountains, crossin' many rivers but not the Smoky River that we wanted. How he knew I don't know.

"Well, so it was Galbraith gettin' more restless an' the food runnin' low an' no Smoky River. Then at last we come to one with high banks an' mist hangin' low, an' Denny looks at his maps an' rides up an' down the bank an' then yells, 'Here's Smoky River, Gus,' an' I says, 'What now?' an' he says, lookin' at his plan, 'Keep right on up left bank into the mountains, where Sun Dance River runs into it. Here we go, Gus. I smell the gold already.'

"It tuk us nigh five weeks to get that far. Then away we goes, chasin' up the river bank, Galbraith cheerin' in front an' me pullin' along the pack mules, their loads light enuff. We

rode up to the mountains an' into them, Galbraith findin' a track somehow an' ridin' with reins loose an' wavin' his arms like a lunatic. Then one evenin' we came to a canyon, set right afore us with the water gurglin' and splashin' away down in the black, with cliffs smooth an' straight half a mile high, an' Galbraith whoops 'Here's Sun Dance River, the darlin',' an' he lied down on the edge an' looked over an' chuckled.

"We camped there that night an' I could hardly keep him quiet. At sunrise he was up an' away to explore. Soon he came back and said we couldn't get up the river nohow from there, for there was no gettin' over the cliff, an' that we'd have to turn back an' go down an' round the shoulder of the mountain an' strike Sun Dance River higher up. I said, 'I vote we cut for home. Grub's nearly done,' but he turned on me savage. 'You stay here an' help me, Gus Carnegie,' he said, or I'll carve you up an' throw you into the river.' So we tuk all that day goin' down again an' all next day goin' round the mountain base, an' all a third gettin' up again t'other side, so that was evenin' when we came on the Sun Dance River again, higher up this time with level banks. There we camped an' pushed on up next day till stopped about noon by a great cliff a hundred feet high, smooth an' straight, over which the river came like a sody siphon, all milky an' roarin' fit to burst your ears. Then Galbraith halted an' said solemn like, 'Over that cliff lies the valley of gold, with gold for the pickin', so the map says, an' here we are.' Then he says, 'I'm goin' to take pervisions an' explore. As we can't get the horses no further, you stay here an' mind them. I'll try an' get round the cliff or over it an' work up an' see what's atop of all this an' then I'll come back, when everythin' is mapped out, an' bring you along with ropes, an' we'll get what we come fer.' Then he went off.

"Three days I waited for him on that plateau under the fall, expectin' each day to hear him halloo with his

arms full of gold, an' the suspense was wearin'. On the third mornin' he came, an' it's gospel truth I'm tellin' ye. I was lyin' back lookin' up at where the water came over the cliff, smooth an' green for a second, then all soapy an' churned, an', as I looked, I seen somethin' shoot over the top an' come down twistin' an' turnin' an' twistin' in the foam, till plump ! it came into the water, an' then appeared on the great pool where the water fell, a log, an' on that log Galbraith stickin'."

He shuddered and started to sob but I caught him in time with the brandy and his mind came back.

"Where was I?" he asked.

"You said Galbraith came over the fall," I replied, "and if it's a lie may you be forgiven."

"It's truth it is, though ye can't ask him. He lay there on the log turnin' an' floatin' to where the water rushed for its great, green slide into the can'on, we had seen before, an' I was afraid I couldn't catch him. But he drifted in close an' by wadin' I caught hold of the end of the log an' towed him in, dragged him off an' laid him on the grass. I gave him a good dose of brandy an' set rubbin' his feet an' his hands an' after which he came to an' opened his eyes.

"'Where am I?' he says, an' then he looked up to where he'd come over an' near fainted again; but I got some more brandy into him an' he got round to his senses, but weak and kind of battered, though I could find no wounds on him. For several days I fed him an' nursed him before his strength came back, an' I think Denny Galbraith the only man in the world that could a come over that fall an' lived. When he got stronger he told me what had happened him.

"He said as how he had left me an' gone round the base of the cliff for a mile or so, it risin' higher an' higher without crack or foothold for a fly, till he was clear despairin'. At last he came to a long split runnin' right into the cliff, widenin' at top like as if a wedge had been driven in an' then pulled out, an' he got into this an'

found it easy climbin', though fearful high, an' he daren't look down or go back. When he got to the top an' looked down, he saw he must have climbed up near five hundred feet of straight cliff and his head started to buzz, so he began to look around. He said it was like a great dumpin' ground up there, all peaks an' hills an' valleys, an' he despaired of ever findin' what he wanted, but towards evenin' he heard a hollow roarin' of water, an' he guessed he'd struck the cliff somewhere above me beside the fall, but, when he came to it, the water was runnin' over a cliff on a level with him, and, as he had climbed so high, he knew this could not be the fall where he had left me. Then he says he whooped an' danced. 'Twas as the map said. The river came down from the mountains an' fell over a cliff into the valley of gold and out of the valley over another cliff down to Smoky River. He was standin' on the brink of the first fall; I was campin' below the second; the valley lay between, an' he plumps on his knees an' tries to look down. But the sun had set an' everythin' was dark, an' he couldn't see nuthin', so he began to build a fire an' settle for the night, intendin' to be about at sun-up an' explore.

"This all is as Galbraith told me, lyin' on his back an' lookin' up at the waterfall, an' a man can't lie smooth an' easy lookin' a friend in the face, when he's up in the mountains an' nobody to benefit by the lie. This is as Galbraith says. He had lit his fire an' was stumblin' about for more fuel on the edge of the cliff to keep it goin' durin' the night, when suddenly he stumbled on somethin' soft an' dark lyin' in the shadow, an' afore he knew anythin', the thing heaved up with a growl an' a black bear made at him. This was so suddint he hadn't no time to guard, an' the beast swept him up an' hugged him close. A man can't fight much when he's hugged by a bear, an' he'd only time to give a kick an' wriggle, an' then everythin' dropt away beneath them an' he felt himself fallin' through the air. Just for a

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second, an' then the bear under him hit the ground with a thud an' he heard the great bones crack inside it. Then he fainted; but not before he'd time to see the ground all about him was shinin' with a pale, yellow light. He was in the valley of gold!

"When he came to, the stars were shinin' bright an' the breezes blowin' soft an' everythin' around was dark. Then he got to wonderin' where he was an' tried to get up, but just then he felt a pair of hands under his head an' another pair grippin' his ankles an' he felt himself lifted up an' carried along, with roarin' of the water in his ears, an' put down on a soft couch of pine branches in the dark an' left to sleep. He said he wakened well on in the mornin' an' found himself lyin' in a little cave with the sun streamin' in the door an' up on the roof, leavin' the floor in shadow. At first he was too tired to notice, but it soon struck him as funny that the sun should shine on the roof, especially when the valley was surrounded with such high cliffs. Curious, he crawled to the doorway an' looked out. I seen it myself. It's the truth, every word. I seen it. The bottom' of the valley around him was paved with great slabs an' rocks of gold an' quartz an' reflected the sun like a great mirror, while the river twisted an' rushed down the centre over the fat, yellow gold. Call me a liar! I seen it with these eyes."

The wretched heap of rags in my chair giggled and chuckled; and again the brandy saved his wits. We sat face to face, neither of us moving, and my limbs were stiff and cramped in their strained position. Outside the wind was blowing in from the prairies, talking boastfully of the big things it had done in the north, and the little stream behind the house raised its voice in the stillness and babbled nonsense to itself. I shook Carnegie and he went on:

"Gold! That's what he saw, an' he gave a whoop of joy, an' tumblin' out of his cave rolled head over heels to the bottom, an', once on the gold, he started to lay about him an' try to tear

it up. But the lumps was all too big and heavy to move, an' he says the very feel of it made him dizzy. The valley was very small, tucked away among the peaks, with sides like a basin, all smooth rock, and the side, where the cave he had slept in was, had been honeycombed with holes, just like the one he had rolled out of, some of them half ways up the cliff with little steps cut. This surprised him, an' he began to think how he had been tended the night before, an' the more he thought the more puzzled he became. But his yell when he saw the gold seemed to arouse the natives, for he saw figures appear in the cave doors.

"'Tis as Galbraith told me, lyin' on his back with the brandy in his fist. The people came out of the caves an' climbed down to him. They were all tall an' handsome an' dark, somethin' like Injins, only much finer an' bigger. What an Injin might a' been before the whites came. An' they were all got up in skins, soft an' shiny, with feathers in their hair, an' the women had long bands o' colored quills decoratin' them, an' all looked proud an' haughty. Then, with never a word, four of them laid hold on him an' carried him back to his cave, solemn as pall-bearers an' mighty as kings. Then some of the chief on them set down just outside the cave-mouth an' had a sort of parliament, all slow an' dignified. Galbraith couldn't understan' nothin', but they seemed to be discussin' him, an' one great feller pulled out a stone hatchet an' seemed to advise killin' him. But others shook their heads, an' there was a lot more talk, till one man pointed to his throat an' rubbed his belly, an' the others laughed an' seemed to think it was a good joke, an' then all got up an' went away.

"Then Galbraith lay on his back thinkin', an' wishin' if there was any killin' to be done he could get some sort of a weapon an' leave a trademark or two on the Injins afore they settled him, when, plump, he hears somethin' at the door, an' he looked an' saw an Injin layin' a great stone in the way, an' then another comes an'

lays a stone beside it, an' another sticks some mud between, an' so on. An' the sweat broke out all over Denny, an' he got up tremblin'. The savages were goin' to wall him in an' let him die. He gave a yell an' rushed to the door, but they fought him back, an' laughed an' went on pilin' up their stones, an' the cave grew darker, an' Galbraith rushed round sweatin' with fear. But they was cruel beasts, an' went on, an' he could see the girls, lovely as moons, come about an' giggle an' look curious, an' the young men worked an' the old men smoked, till the last stone was put in its place and the light went out. Then he raved an' swore an' shrieked, an' butted round in the dark tryin' to find the door an' push the wall out, but he soon lost his bearin's, and all the walls seemed the same, wi' no way out. So he fell down exhausted, an' weak as a baby with fright an' anger.

"He lay for a long time weak an' faint, for hours, till his strength came back an' he felt like fightin' agin. He noticed the air was cool an' fresh, an' wondered how it was when everythin' was walled in close an' solid, so he got up an' started to go round again. An' round an' round he went seekin' for an outlet, an' at last he finds a hole down close by the floor, just large enough for his body to go through, an' Galbraith's no small man. Then down he gets on hands an' knees an' in he goes, an' dives an' crawls an' crawls, bumpin' his head and barkin' his shins, an' generally scrapin' off the corners, till at last he sees daylight ahead, glowin' small like a star, an' he pushed on an' on till he came out on the cliff, just about the second fall. There he lay, breathin' the fresh air in great chestfuls. Then he fell asleep, half in an' half out of the hole, in the sunshine, an' the gold glimmerin' an' shinin' below him. For a day an' a night he slept in that hole, half in an' half out.

"Then the hunger gripped him in his innards an' he pulled in his belt. The fear of the Injins kept him in all day till it got dark, then he stole out an' round, lookin' for food, an' stumbled acrost the carcase of the bear he had

fallen with. Then he whipped out his knife and carved into it, eatin' it raw an' bloody with both hands. Then when he was full he clomb back to the hole in the cliff an' slept again. He woke when the sun was high an' looked out. The river was rushin' over the fall an' the gold was glimmerin' along the bottom, but never sign nor sound was there of any Injin or any life. An' then the greed of gold took Denny again, an' he slid down to the river, tryin' to get some small pieces to show me, an' lookin' about for a likely place to climb the cliff to get back. But then all the peoples swarms out of the caves, an' he saw them comin', shakin' with fear. An' he remembered the wallin' up alive, an' the hunger, an', as they went to touch him, he made a rush an' sprung into the water, grabbed a log rushin' by, and then whirled away over the fall into the pool, where I grabbed him."

Carnegie's voice died away, and his eyes wandered, while his face puckered in a blue-white grin. His narrative had excited me painfully, and, impatient for the end, I shook him roughly.

"Go on!" I said. What's after that?"

"After what? He looked like an almighty frog, twistin' an' turnin' in the air. Twistin' an' turnin'. Twistin' an'——"

Again I forced the brandy on him, and again the spirit strengthened his failing faculties. He coughed and shivered, and his eyes steadied.

"It took Denny Galbraith a week to get strong again, me nursin' continuous. Then I begged him on my knees to leave the cursed place an' make for home. But he swore if the place was hell itself, with ten thousand devils, he'd not go till he'd got some gold. So he said, an' I stayed by him. When he got strong, we set out early one mornin' to follow the track he had taken ten days before. We took two hunder' feet of rope an' guns an' provisions. We followed the foot of the cliff as Galbraith had done, an' found the great crack clear to the top, an' up we climbed, tearin' an' clawin' at the

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knobs of rocks to get a grip an' foothold. At last we got up and looked about. It was one of the waste places of the earth—as if, when the rest of the world had been made, all the chip-pin's an' scraps had been tumbled in there to fill up a hole. Great big peaks cuttin' into the sky, an' ravines cuttin' into the earth, and stones lyin' loose everywhere, fearful desolate an' lonesome. We went somehow across this, Denny, with his nose in the air, snuffin' and smellin' more than seein', till at last we heard the water roarin', an' we came to where the river goes over the first cliff. There lay the little valley like a basin, the sides high an' smooth an' overhangin' almost, with the water fallin' in one end an' out t'other. An' all the bottom was shinin' with a pale light, like a bunch of fireflies on a dark night, for the sun hadn't touched it yet. An' I seed the gold an' hollered, an' Denny hollered, an' we shook hands an' danced an' laughed an' cheered. Then I made the rope fast round a tree an' let it down over the cliff, Denny gettin' ready to slide down before it was ever fastened."

"What about the people Galbraith saw there?" I interrupted. "Did you see any of them?"

"No, not a soul. We'd clean forgot them when we seen the gold. Then Galbraith laid hold of the rope an' slid down, leavin' me at the top to follow when he got clear. Down he slid foot by foot, the rope sawin' the edge, fer Galbraith's not an ounce under two hunder' an' fifty pound, an' me bendin' over at the top, quiverin' to follow. When he got about half way down, I heard him yell like mad. 'Pull up!' he says; 'Pull up! Pull up! Quick!' I started to pull but he was a dead weight, an' no man livin' can lift that at the end of a hunder' feet of rope; he kickin' an' squirmen' an' yellin' with fright, but not tryin' to climb a foot. His kickin' started the rope swingin', an' me at the top could do nuthin' to help. I couldn't see what scared him or I would have shot at it. Like a big pendulum he swung out an' in, out an' in, struck with fear at what he saw in the cave mouth where

he was danglin'. Out an' in he swung, and then a long, red arm stretched out from the hole an' grabbed him an' pulled him in, leavin' the rope swingin' light an' easy in the sun. An' never a sound came from below, an' I knew the red, clawin' devils had hold of Denny Galbraith, an' he would never come out alive. So I turned an' ran, yellin' with fear, an' the echoes cursed an' laughed back at me, an' the devils streamed out of the hole after me, an' tripped me up an' flung me about an' tossed me, twistin' an' turnin', twistin' an' turnin'. Oh, Lordy!"

He fell forward in the chair and began studying the map, his face twitching. He drew a trembling finger down the map.

"All that way I came, eatin' the mules an' horses, an' ridin' alone day after day, with Galbraith callin' after me an' the devils yelpin' behind."

His wits were all astray, and he sank down a senseless heap on the floor. He had lived too fast. I sent him to the railway hospital, but he died that night and they buried him immediately.

As for his story, I can say nothing. Whether they secured the gold and he had murdered Galbraith for his share and then found he had to leave all so as to escape alive by eating his mules and horses, cannot be told. I incline to that theory. But old Peter, my Indian oracle, came to see me next day, and, when he had taken more of my brandy than was good for him, I asked him about the Sun Dance River and the valley of gold. His faded eyes gleamed.

"They say there are people there. My own people, perhaps. Who knows? Only one man, a white man, saw, and he never came back. That was forty or fifty years ago. None have gone since, but many will go. There be two things that will drive a man, no matter how strong. Woman? No. Wine? No. Gold and the White Fear. Perhaps the Great Spirit made it so. And, in the Valley of the Lost People, He put the gold so that none may carry it away. Has the great white Chief any tobacco?"

C. C. Pangman.

THE MAKERS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

A Series of Twelve Illustrated Papers on Famous Men and Incidents of Canadian History, from the Norse and Cabot voyagers until Federal Union (986-1867.)

BY DR. J. G. BOURINOT, C.M.G., F.R.S.C., AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CANADA," AND OTHER WORKS ON THE HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION.

III. EXPLORERS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE VALLEY AND THE GREAT WEST.—(1608-1743).

I PROPOSE in the present paper of this historical series to follow the footsteps of those men who gave the great valleys of North America to France during the seventeenth century, explored the West almost as far as the sources of the Mississippi, first saw the outlying buttresses of the Rocky Mountains, and laid the basis of ambitious schemes which were never realized.

Spaniards discovered the Mississippi during the first decades of the sixteenth century, and De Soto was buried in its depths in 1542; but from that time his countrymen took no further interest in its exploration. The French discovered the valley of the St. Lawrence a few years earlier than De Soto's famous voyage, but it was not until 1608 that Champlain landed on the rocks of Quebec. This eminent Frenchman took the first steps in unravelling the secrets of the West, and showed the way to those adventurous explorers who, within less than fifty years after his death, followed the course of the mighty river, so long forgotten by the Spaniards, to the Gulf of Mexico.

The hope of finding a short route to the rich lands of Asia by the St. Lawrence River and its tributary lakes and streams, influenced French voyagers and explorers well into the middle of the eighteenth century. Cartier gave some credence for a while to the fables of Donnacona, the Indian Lord of Stadacona, that there was a rich and strange people beyond the headwaters of the Saguenay. When he stood on

Mount Royal and saw the waters of the Ottawa there must have flashed across his mind the thought that perhaps by that river would be found that passage to the western sea of which he and other sailors often dreamed in those and later times. It was for a long time a belief, current among geographers and navigators, that the land stretching northward from South America was extremely narrow and might be pierced at some point or other. After the voyage of Verrazano there appeared in some maps of the sixteenth century a great sea stretching from the north to the south of the American continent, as far as Carolina or Florida, from which it was separated only by a narrow isthmus. Many adventurous sailors entertained the delusion of eventually reaching this sea—some by the Chesapeake, others by the Hudson. No Englishmen, however, ventured over the Appalachian Ridges, nor solved the mystery that lay beyond; and it was left for Frenchmen, in the course of a century after the foundation of Quebec, to follow the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, and to eventually solve the many secrets of the illimitable region through which the Mississippi and its many tributaries flow.

The easiest and shortest route to the Mississippi from the St. Lawrence settlements lay through the Ohio country, which could have been speedily reached at an early period in French Canadian history but for the possession by the Iroquois of "one of the most striking geographical vantage grounds on the continent," which enabled them to con-

* Justin Winsor, "From Cartier to Frontenac," p. 177.

trol the upper reaches of the beautiful river." When Champlain evoked the bitter hostility of this brave, relentless Confederacy, he inflicted a blow on the struggling settlements by the St. Lawrence, and also closed effectively the doors of the Ohio country to western and southwestern exploration for a century and longer. As it was, Champlain was forced by his alliance with the Algonquins and Hurons, and by his interest in the fur-trade which they controlled, to follow the Ottawa route in his efforts to explore the country that lay to the west and north-west of Mount Royal. His first movement westward from Quebec was in 1611, to Montreal Island, where he made a clearing on *Place Royale*, now Custom House Square, with the idea of building a fort and making a settlement at this important point. Though he was never able to carry out his intention, Montreal became from that memorable year a rendezvous for fur-traders and Indians. His first exploration of the Ottawa River took place in 1613, when he reached Allumette Island, the half-way house to Lake Huron. L'Escarbot tells us that Champlain in those days clung to his vision of reaching Asiatic lands by a Canadian route. "Champlain," says that historian, "promises never to cease his efforts until he has found either a Western Sea or a Northern Sea, opening the route to China which so many have thus far sought in vain."

Lake Huron was for many years the only great lake of which the French had an accurate conception. In 1615, Champlain found his way to Georgian Bay by the route of the Ottawa and Mattawa Rivers, Lake Nipissing and French River. Here he visited the Huron villages which were situated in the district now known as Simcoe County in the Province of Ontario. Father Le Caron, a Recollet, had preceded the French explorer, and was performing missionary duties among these Indians, who probably numbered 20,000 in all. This brave priest was the pioneer of the army of faithful missionaries—mostly of a different order—

who lived for years among the Indians, suffered torture and death, and connected their names not only with the martyrs of their faith but also with the explorers of this continent. From this time forward we find the trader and the priest advancing in the wilderness, sometimes one is first, sometimes the other.

Champlain accompanied his Indian allies on an expedition against the Onondagas, one of the five nations who occupied the country immediately to the south of the Upper St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario. The party reached Lake Ontario by the system of inland navigation which stretches from Lake Simcoe to the Bay of Quinté. The Onondagas repulsed the Canadian allies, who returned to their settlements, where Champlain remained during the winter of 1616. It was during this expedition, which did much to weaken Champlain's prestige among the Indians, that Etienne Brulé, an interpreter, was sent to the Andastes, who were then living about the headwaters of the Susquehanna, with the hope of bringing them to the support of the Canadian savages. He was not seen again until 1618, when he returned to Canada with a story, doubtless correct, of having found himself on the shores of a great lake where there were mines of copper, probably Lake Superior. In Champlain's map of 1632 it is clear that he had some conception of such a lake in the West, but he knew nothing of Lake Michigan, and delineated Lake Erie as a mere river. He had heard of Niagara—as the map indicates—but he never had a true conception of its magnitude.

As early as 1641 two Jesuit priests, Fathers Jogues and Raymbault, ventured as far as Sault Ste. Marie, and preached there to a large number of Indians, but for some years it was not possible to establish a mission at that point in consequence of the constant raids of the Iroquois on all parts of Canada. In 1649 the Iroquois destroyed the Huron villages, and the Jesuits for years established at Sainte-Marie, on the banks of the Wye (which flows

into Matchedash Bay, an inlet of Georgian Bay), were forced to give up their mission after the death of the heroic Brebeuf and Lalement and the dispersion of the Huron nation. Even during the troublous days that followed, Medard Chouart, Sieur de Grosseilliers and the Sieur de Radisson ventured, in 1658-9, as far as La Pointe, the modern Ashland, on the shores of Lake Superior. It is even suggested that these men went southward and reached the Mississippi, but this is a mere surmise on which it is not worth while dwelling. René Menard, Jesuit, in 1660, accompanied Grosseilliers to the Lake Superior country, but he was lost in the wilderness. The first mission in that region was established by Father Allouez in 1665, at La Pointe, in the vicinity of the Chippewas. At this time the French heard from bands of wandering Sioux of the existence of the "Misipi."

Lake Michigan was first seen by an adventurous interpreter and trader, Jean Nicolet, of Three Rivers, who had lived for some time among the Nipissings on the lake of that name, and had heard of a mysterious people who had neither hair nor beards, and travelled in great canoes in a region of which he could get no intelligible account. It was probably from the belief that these people were natives of China that Nicolet, in 1634, presented himself in a brocaded gown before the Winnebagoes of Green Bay—a corruption of Grande Baie—one of the inlets of Lake Michigan which, thenceforward, was an important point in French western exploration. Nicolet was the first Frenchman to pass through the important straits of Mackinac—one of the keys of the Upper Lakes—and is supposed to have pushed his way even from Grande Bay by the Fox River as far as the Wisconsin—a mere hypothesis not supported by substantial authority. He also approached the rapids at Ste. Marie, but we have no evidence that he ventured beyond the river and saw the great lake.

With the new era of peace that followed the coming of the Viceroy Tracy

in 1665, and the establishment of a Royal Government, a fresh impulse was given to exploration and mission work in the West. Priests, fur-traders, gentlemen-adventurers, *coureurs de bois*, now appeared frequently on the lakes and rivers of the West, and gave in the course of years a vast region to the dominion of France. In 1668, one of the most interesting persons who ever appeared in early Canada, the missionary and explorer, Father Marquette, founded the Mission of Sainte-Marie on the southern side of the Sault, which may be considered the oldest settlement of the Northwest, as it alone has a continuous history to the present time.

In the record of those times we see strikingly displayed certain propensities of the Canadian people which interfered with the colonizing plans of the Government. The fur-trade had far more attractions for the young and adventurous than the regular and active life of the farms on the seigniories. The French immigrant as well as the native Canadian adapted themselves to the conditions of Indian life with a facility that the English colonists never displayed. The settlements, at times, were deprived of the very bone and sinew which ought to have been steadily engaged in the cultivation of the soil, and in the production of the necessities of life of which the country never raised enough. Wherever the Indian tribes were camped in the forest or by the river, and the fur-trade could be prosecuted to the best advantage, we see the *coureurs de bois*, not the least picturesque figures of those grand woods, then in the primeval sublimity of their solitude and vastness. Many a lake and river, where now huge propellers fret and fume, were first seen by these adventurers of the past. The Ottawa River and its tributaries, like all the rivers and lakes of Canada, illustrate the progress of the *coureurs de bois* and *voyageurs*. The falls, rapids and lakes of the Ottawa district—the *Chenaux*, *Lac des Allumettes* and *Chats*, for example—undoubtedly received their distinctive names from those ro-

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ers of the forest and river. On the north shores of Lake Superior—a region which called up visions of copper and silver, of adventure and danger, in early times—we meet with many names which also illustrate the quick imaginations of the *voyageurs*. *L'Ance Noir*, *Grand Marais*, *Tête de Loure* and any number of others, are characteristic of the ready wit and fancy of a roving class.

Their manner of life can be very simply described. Four or five, and sometimes a dozen or more, would combine and fill a large canoe, generally of their own construction, with such provisions and cheap merchandise as the Indians were likely to buy, and paddle away into the interior of the wilderness, where they would remain for twelve months, and often much longer. Du Luth and his comrades, it is said, bound themselves to an absence of four years from the settlements; and then they would return to Montreal or Three Rivers, in company with a long retinue of Indians, whose canoes would be deeply laden with a rich collection of furs, which, in the course of time, would find their way to the gay capitals of Europe and adorn many a fair lady's white shoulders. Montreal in those days was often the scene of debauchery when Indians and rovers of the forest assembled at the annual sale of furs. The authority of the Government had constantly to be brought into operation to restrain these reckless men, and bring them within the pale of civilization. The officials issued edicts inflicting severe penalties on such wanderers from the settlements and towns, but it was not possible for years to check the evil to any extent. Eventually it was found necessary to give a semblance of regularity to the roving inclinations of the youth, and in a measure keep it within limits, by issuing licenses to a certain number every year, and this licensed class became known in the eighteenth century as *voyageurs* to distinguish them from the less respectable *coureurs de bois*. All of these *coureurs de bois* were not, however,

mere rovers of the forest and river, trading after their own fashion, or living a loose life among the native Indians. Many of them were followers of some prominent gentlemen-adventurers like La Salle and Du Luth, or of traders like Perrot and Jolliet. Despite the vices and weaknesses of a large proportion of this class, not a few were most useful in the work of exploration and exercised a great influence among the Indians of the West. But for these forest-rangers the Michigan region would have fallen into the possession of the English, who were always intriguing with the Iroquois and endeavouring to obtain a share of the fur-trade of the West. Jolliet, the companion of Marquette, in his ever-memorable voyage to the Mississippi, was a type of the best class of the Canadian fur-trader. Possessed of an adventurous spirit, he was also patient, collected, resolute, admirably fitted in every way for the tasks which devolved upon him at an important time of Canadian development.

As early as 1669, the Sulpician priest, Galinée, made the earliest map of the Great Lakes as a sequence of an expedition which he and that sturdy priest of the same Order, Dollier du Casson, the first historian of Montreal, made to Lake Erie. These two priests and Jolliet were the first to pass, east and west, through the Detroit River. Lake Erie is delineated, not very accurately, as the Lac du Chat, subsequently changed to Erie, the designation of the nation of the Iroquois Confederacy, who lived at the western end of the "Long House," and were called "Cats," or more strictly speaking "Racoons," animals then very common in that country. Some years, however, passed before the magnitude of the Falls was known; indeed, they were not seen by the French until 1678, as I shall presently show.

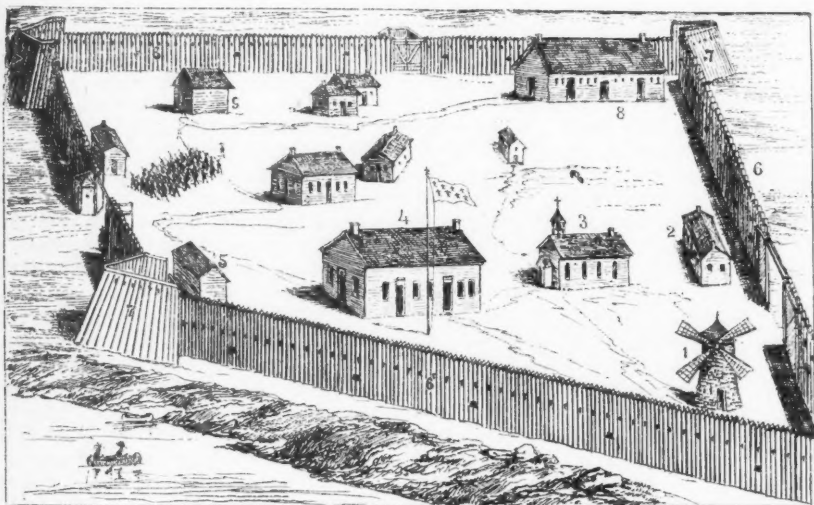
By 1770 the importance of the Sault and Mackinac (Michillimackinac) as missions and trading-posts was understood. A mission was established on the island of Mackinac only a year later than that of the Sault. It was

subsequently removed to Point St. Ignace on the mainland, and still later to the northern point of the southern peninsula. "Mackinac," wrote Marquette, "is the portal of the southern tribes as the Sault Ste Marie is of those of the north and west, and many nations pass these gates to reach the settlements of the French."

Recognizing the importance of western explorations, the French Government in 1671 sent Francois Daumont, Sieur St. Lussou, to take formal pos-

session of this important post, which was intended to be a barrier to the aggressive movements of the Iroquois and form an entrepot of the fur-trade on Lake Ontario.

In this same year Jolliet and Marquette solved a part of the problem which had so long perplexed the explorers of the West. The trader and priest reached the Mississippi by the way of Green Bay, the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers. The "carry" from the "Fox" to the "Wisconsin" was then less than



FROM GIROUARD'S "LE VIEUX LACHINE" (MONTREAL, 1889).

FORT REMY AT LACHINE, 1671.

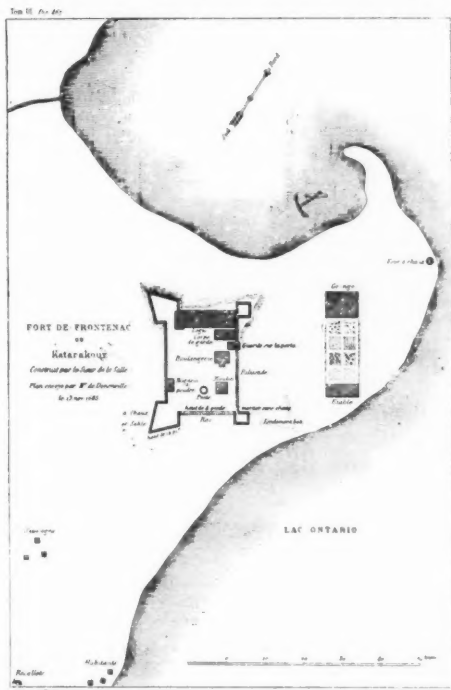
- (1) Windmill. (2) Priest's House. (3) Chapel. (4) Mollot's House, formerly La Salle's. (5) Barn.
(6) Palisades. (7) Bastions.

session of the Sault and the surrounding region in the name of Louis XIV. The ceremony, most impressive in its way, took place in the presence of Indian representatives of the West in their savage finery, of French officers in their gay uniforms, of *coureurs de bois* in their tawdry costumes, and of Jesuit priests in their black robes.

The next memorable event in the history of the lakes was the establishment, in 1673, of Fort Frontenac at Cataraqui, now Kingston, by the famous Governor who gave his name to

two miles across marshes and ponds filled with wild rice. Indeed, it was possible in the time of rain for a canoe or boat of light draft to pass directly from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi—in other words, the St. Lawrence system of waterways was directly connected with that of the mighty river which empties into the Gulf of Mexico. Marquette and Joliette went down the Mississippi as far as the Arkansas. They were still many hundreds of miles from the mouth of the river, but they realized the fact that it must reach, not

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FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.

FORT FRONTENAC, AT CATARAQUI (KINGSTON).

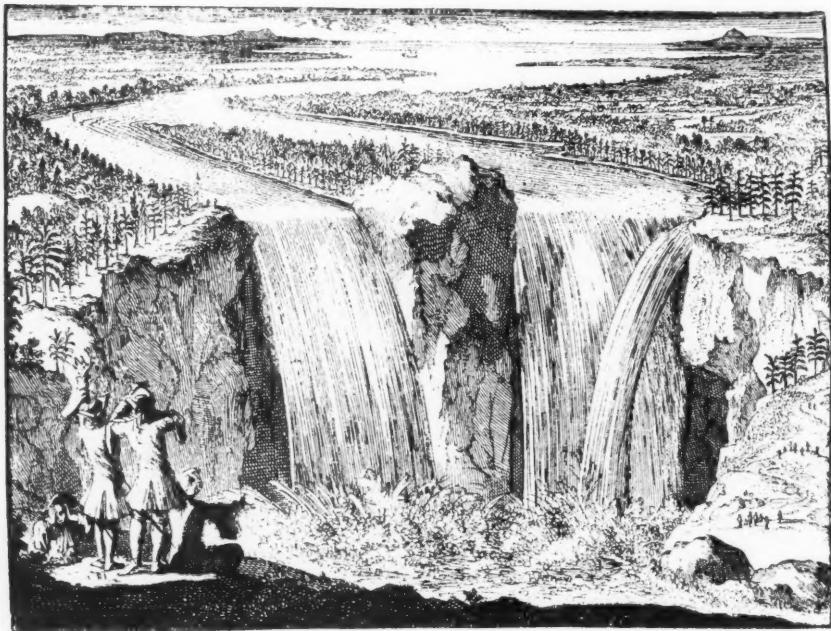
the western ocean, but the southern gulf first discovered by the Spaniards. Marquette died not long afterwards, worn out by his labours in the wilderness, and was buried beneath the little chapel at St. Ignace. Jolliet's name henceforth disappears from the annals of the West. He was appointed subsequently a royal pilot of the St. Lawrence and hydrographer at Quebec, besides receiving grants of Mignan and Anticosti Islands. His ash always been an honoured name among his Canadian countrymen.

In the judgment of history, however, Jol-

liet occupies a position inferior to that of La Salle, who completed the work commenced by the trader and missionary. The story of that remarkable explorer has been told in graphic narrative by Francis Parkman, who has not failed to place a high estimate on his character. His indomitable courage and patience amid innumerable obstacles, his earnest and successful efforts to open up the great West and South to the dominion of France, will be always readily recognized by those who regret at the same time his want of tact and conciliation in his management of men. René Robert Cavalier, better known as the Sieur de la Salle, was probably educated among the Jesuits, but appears in later life to have given his preference to the Sulpicians, among whom he had a brother stationed at Montreal. He obtained a grant of land at the head of the rapids above Montreal by the side of that beautiful expanse of water which is still called Lachine



INTENDANT TALON (1670-1700).



THE FIRST VIEW OF NIAGARA FALLS—HENNEPIN.

—a name originally given to La Salle's starting place in derisive allusion to his hope of finding a short route to China by some western stream. The King, Louis XIV., gave him a concession of Fort Frontenac as a base for operations in the West. He is believed to have discovered the Illinois River in 1670 or 1671, and there are some writers who think that he reached even the Ohio, but his movements from 1669 until 1672 are wrapped in mystery, and no one can positively trace his actual route, since he left behind no report. In 1769 he saw the Niagara Falls for the first time, and the earliest sketch is to be found in *la Nouvelle Découverte*, written or compiled by that garrulous, vain, and often mendacious Recollet Friar, Louis Hennepin, who accompanied La Salle on this expedition. It was in the winter of 1679 that La Salle built on Cayuga Creek the *Griffon*, the first vessel launched on the lakes, and the loss of which, not long afterwards, on Lake

Michigan, when laden with furs, was a great misfortune at a critical time of his enterprise. With the assistance of Henry Tonty, always his staunch friend, La Salle endeavoured, eventually with success, to establish French influence in the country of the Illinois, who have given their name to an important affluent of the Mississippi. The first fort, Crèvecoeur, was abandoned, and another, Fort St. Louis, was built on the top of what is now known as "Starved Rock," near the city of Ottawa, on the Illinois. The Indians of various tribes, chiefly Miamis and Illinois, were encouraged to establish themselves in the neighbourhood for purposes of trade and security against the Iroquois, who were claiming dominion as far as the Mississippi itself. In the winter of 1682 La Salle and his companions reached the Mississippi, and for weeks followed its course through the novel and wondrous scenery of a southern land. Their progress has been poetically described :

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"Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river,
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders;
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume-like
Cotton trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons where silvery sandbars
Lay in the stream; and along the wimpling waves of the margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded."

On the 9th of April, at a point just above the mouth of the great river, La Salle took formal possession of the Mississippi valley in the name of Louis XIV., with the same imposing ceremonies that distinguished the claim asserted by St. Luson at the Sault in the lake region. By the irony of fate, La Salle failed to discover the mouth of the river when he came to the Gulf of Mexico in 1685, but landed somewhere on Matagorda Bay on the Texan coast, where he built a fort for temporary protection. Finding his position untenable, he decided to make an effort to reach the Illinois country, but when he had been a few days on this perilous

journey he was treacherously murdered by some of his companions near the southern branch of Trinity River. His body was left to the beasts and birds of prey. Two of the murderers were themselves killed by their accomplices, none of whom appear ever to have been brought to justice for their participation in a crime by which France lost one of the bravest and ablest men who ever struggled for her dominion in North America. Years later the famous Canadians, Iberville and Bienville, founded a colony in the great valley, known by that name of Louisiana, which was first given to it by La Salle himself.

The names of Perrot, Du Luth, La Sueur, and La Verendrye are also associated with the history of western exploration and discovery. Daniel Greysolon du Luth was a member of a respectable French family—in fact, of the *petite noblesse*—and came in his early manhood to Canada, where he sought that excitement in western wanderings which men of his class generally found in the military life of Europe. At a critical time in the affairs of Canada, Governor La Barre sent



FROM THE ENGRAVING IN HENNEPIN'S "NOUVELLE DECOUVERTE," AMSTERDAM, 1704.

THE BUILDING OF THE GRIFFON, 1679.



LA SALLE.

him to build a palisaded fort on Lake Nepigon, with the object of checking the western Indians who were being drawn away to Hudson's Bay, where an English fur-trading company, afterwards famous in the history of Rupert's Land and the Northwest Territory, were endeavouring to establish themselves, to the prejudice of French interests. Du Luth also raised a post near where Fort William now stands—at Kamanistiquia—as it was then called—and on the route of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He was the first Frenchman who nearly reached the sources of the Mississippi. Another adventurer of almost equal merit was Nicholas Perrot, who had been employed for years as an *engagé* or body

servant of the missionaries. His name constantly recurs in the records of the West. He established forts on Lake Pepin, at the mouth of the Wisconsin River, and at other important points. One Le Sueur also explored the Minnesota, and opened up friendly relations even with the wild Sioux, the Arabs of the plains, that stretched even to the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains.

Du Luth, as early as 1686, by the orders of Governor Denonville, built a temporary fort on the Detroit River; but it was not until 1701, after the peace concluded by Callières with the

Iroquois, that La Mothe Cadillac made the beginnings of the present beautiful city of Detroit. By the possession of the Sault, Mackinac, and the Detroit, the French were now supreme on the lakes, and had full control of its Indian trade. The Iroquois and their English friends were effectively shut out of the West by the French posts and settlements that followed the explorations of Jolliet, La Salle, Du Luth, Perrot and Le Sueur.

Plans continued to be formed for reaching the Western or Pacific Ocean even in the middle of the eighteenth century. The Jesuit Charlevoix, the historian of New France, was sent out to Canada by the French Government to enquire into the feasibility of a route

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which Frenchmen always hoped for. Nothing definite came out of this mission, but the Jesuit was soon followed by an enterprising native of Three Rivers, Pierre Gaultier de Varennes, generally called the *Sieur de la Vérendrye*, who with his sons ventured into the region now known as the Province of Manitoba and the Northwest Territory of Canada. He built several forts, including one on the site of the city of Winnipeg. Two of his sons are believed to have reached the Big Horn Range, an "outlying buttress" of the Rocky Mountains, in 1743, and to have taken possession of what is now territory of the United States. The youngest son, Chevalier de la Vérendrye, who was the first to have seen the Rocky Mountains, subsequently discovered the Saskatchewan (Poskoiac) and even ascended it as far as the forks—the furthest western limits so far touched by a white man in America. A few years later, in 1751, M. de Niverville, under the orders of M. de St. Pierre, who was acting in the interest of the infamous Intendant Bigot, who coveted the western fur-trade, reached the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains and built a fort on the Saskatchewan not far from the present town of Calgary. The Vérendryes were never adequately rewarded for their great services in leading the way into the great Canadian Northwest.

We have now followed the paths of French adventurers for nearly a century and a-half, from the day Champlain landed on the heights of Quebec until the Vérendryes traversed the prairies and plains of the Northwest. French explorers had discovered the three great waterways of this continent—the Mississippi, which pours its enormous volume of water, drawn from hundreds of tributaries, into a southern gulf; the St. Lawrence, which bears the tribute of the great lakes to the Atlantic ocean; the Winnipeg, with its connecting rivers and lakes, which reach the dreary Arctic seas and the foot of the Rocky Mountains. La Vérendrye was the first Frenchman

who stood on the height of land or elevated plateau of the continent, almost within sight of the sources of those great rivers which flow, after devious courses, north, south and east. It has been well said that "if three men should ascend these three waterways to their farthest sources, they would find themselves in the heart of North America; and, so to speak, within a stone's throw of one another."* Nearly all the vast territory through which these vast waterways flow then belonged to France, so far as exploration, discovery, and partial occupation gave her a right to exercise dominion. Only in the Great North, where summer was a season of a very few weeks, where icebergs and icefields barred the way for many months, where the fur-trade and the whale fishery alone offered an incentive to capital and enterprise, had England a right to an indefinite dominion. Here a "Company of Gentlemen-adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay" occupied some fortified stations which, during the seventeenth century, had been seized by the daring French-Canadian corsair, Iberville, who ranks with the famous Englishman, Drake, as a representative of the same adventurous class of sailor. On the Atlantic coast the prosperous English colonies occupied a narrow range of country bounded by the Atlantic ocean and the Appalachian Mountains. It was only the middle of the eighteenth century—nearly three-quarters of a century after Jolliet's and La Salle's explorations, and even later than the time Frenchmen had followed the Saskatchewan to the Rocky Mountains—that some enterprising Virginians and Pennsylvanians worked their way into the beautiful country watered by the affluents of the Ohio. New France may be said to have extended at that time from Cape Breton or Isle Royale west to the Rocky Mountains, and from the basin of the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. Yet France soon after lost all that had been gained.

* Professor Hinsdale, in "The Old Northwest," Vol. I. Ed. of 1891, p. 2.

(To be Continued.)

WITH BOOKER'S COLUMN.

Personal Reminiscences of the Events of the Fenian Raid of June, 1866; by Robert Larmour, then Superintendent of the B. & L. H. Railway.

(Concluded from last Month.)

THE morning of Saturday, June 2nd, 1866, was bright and clear at Port Colborne. Nothing had occurred during the remaining hours of the night to interfere with Col. Booker's carrying out the orders of Col. Peacock, which were that he should take the force under his command forward by train to Ridgeway (now called Bertie), and from thence march across to Stevensville* to join the Regulars. Nothing further had been heard from the Fenian force, and it was supposed they were still in camp on the Newbigging farm, near Fort Erie. All was ready, and the troop train started promptly at 5 o'clock, a pilot engine running ahead as a precaution in case the track might have been interfered with by Fenians since it had last been passed over. Half-an-hour's run brought the train safely to Ridgeway station, where the troops were immediately disembarked and preparations made for the march. Col. Booker closely inspected men and arms, and had ammunition served out. As the order of marching was being arranged, a horseman was seen coming up the road from the direction of Stevensville, at full speed, brandishing a revolver and gesticulating in a most frantic manner. Without noticing the troops he continued at full gallop, until the railway track was reached, where he found the road blocked by the troop train. This stoppage seemed to increase his excitement, as whether by accident or other-

wise the revolver was fired off, the bullet passing through the roof of the car. This seemed to cap the climax, as he fell from his horse in a state of total collapse. When spoken to, the only intelligible utterance he made was: "The Fenians are after me." No further notice was taken of the man, it being considered that he was crazed with fright. This was a serious mistake, as the events which afterwards took place go to show that this man might, if more closely questioned, have given valuable information. No doubt he had seen the Fenians on the march, and they probably tried to capture him to prevent his giving information or spreading the alarm.

In little more than an hour from the arrival of the train the troops were ready, and the order to form fours and march was given. It was arranged between Col. Booker and myself that the empty troop train should return to Port Colborne, and *with it the reserve ammunition*, as he had no ammunition waggons. The pilot engine was to remain at Ridgeway with myself and a few railway men. There being no telegraph there at that time I agreed to have the wire cut and a temporary office opened at once, so that if its use were required he could send back a messenger. The few people in the village had nearly all followed the troops, so that the place was almost deserted, and I had some difficulty in finding a breakfast for myself and the few men that remained with me. After we had made telegraph communication, and before we had finished the meal, the villagers came running back in terror, shouting: "They are fighting!" "There is a battle!" and such like exclamations. I soon understood that the Fenians had taken Col. Booker by

* It is doubtful if Mr. Larmour is quite accurate on this point. Col. Peacock ordered Col. Booker to meet him at Stevensville, but did not specify the route. Apparently Peacock had no map of the district and could not give definite orders to Booker. Therefore, as senior officer, Col. Peacock must bear some of the blame for Booker's choosing a route which brought him too close to the enemy's position. Had Peacock possessed the knowledge and equipment which he should have possessed, his orders to Booker would have been more definite and the result of the campaign different.—EDITOR.

surprise and that the first intimation he had of their presence in his front was a volley fired on his advanced guard. I lost no time in telegraphing this news to headquarters. In a few minutes a *Globe* reporter rushed up (the telegraph office consisted of a plank in the angle of a snake fence), calling on me to send off a report to the *Globe*. A volunteer wounded in the wrist came next, wanting his friends advised of his misfortune. Then came a messenger from Col. Booker with this brief message: "We are at it; bring back the reserve ammunition from Port Colborne, quick."

I waited for no more, but, jumping on the pilot engine, started for Port Colborne, Engineer Sunter running his engine at her highest speed. On our arrival not a moment was lost in having the reserve ammunition loaded on a couple of flat cars that stood in a convenient position. We also got on board of these flat cars a company of volunteers that had reached the Port after the troop train had left in the morning. With all speed we started again for Ridgeway. When about seven miles east of Port Colborne we came in sight of the retreating volunteers. The railway track ahead of us was crowded from fence to fence, and in the fields on each side of the track they were scattered as far as could be seen. The train was brought to a stand, the whistle blown to attract attention, and the company of militia sent ahead and formed in line across the track from fence to fence. This was done in the hope that this would cause a halt and give a chance for re-forming the scattered companies; but it proved a failure. Like a stream of water they parted in front

of the company, passed around its flanks, and again closed in the rear. As many as could get a foot-hold clung to the engine and two flat-cars.

The scene that I witnessed from the foot-plate of the engine was painful in the extreme. Some of the men were so utterly exhausted that they dropped in their tracks, and lay there as if dead. Many were without their arms and accoutrements. Some were weeping, while others tramped on in sullen silence, and yet others were cursing. Someone had blundered!

Finally I saw Col. Booker marching on foot among his men. I hailed him, and got him on board the engine. He said there was no use in attempting to halt the men or re-form until they all got back to Port Colborne. As soon as the road was sufficiently clear, and it was safe to do so, the train started slowly back towards Port Colborne, in rear of the marching men.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

LIEUT.-COL. BOOKER.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

LIEUT.-COL. OTTER.

Now D.O.C. M.D. No. 2; Adjutant in 1886 of the Queen's Own Rifles; this photograph shows him in his uniform as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Q.O.R., a post he held from 1875 to 1884. Under his regime the name of the regiment was changed from the Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto to the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada (Jan. 1882).

Col. Booker had but little to say during the journey. He seemed to be completely broken down and tired out. On arrival at Port Colborne, the first and most urgent duty of the officers was to organize a party with teams to return to the scene of the fight, to bring in the dead and care for the wounded. This was undertaken and carried into effect at once by Mayor Gillmor.

At Port Colborne the remainder of the day (Saturday) was occupied in restoring order, mustering the men under their proper company officers, and foraging for provisions. While this was being attended to, the "Robb" arrived from Fort Erie, having on board forty prisoners, who had been captured by the Welland Battery that morning. Arrangements were at once made to convey these, by special train, under a strong guard, to the Brantford jail.

Upon arrival at Brantford station, late in the evening, we found an immense gathering of citizens there, in such an excited state that fears were entertained for the safety of the prisoners. A company of the Brant battalion of volunteers was called upon to assist in guarding them through the streets to the jail; but even with this additional protection the task was not an easy one, as missiles were thrown over the heads of the guard into the prisoners' ranks. They were finally landed safely in jail.

On Sunday morning I returned to Port Colborne with a special train, composed of several cars loaded with

provisions which had been contributed by the citizens of Toronto, Hamilton, London, Brantford and other towns along the line of railway, as it had become known that the volunteers were actually without supplies—there being no proper commissariat organization with Col. Booker's column.

During Saturday night orders had been received at Port Colborne for the Queen's Own and the York Rifles to start early Sunday morning and march to Fort Erie to join the regular regiments there. The 13th Battalion at the same time were ordered to remain at Port Colborne to guard the Welland Canal and harbour. So that when the train of provisions arrived at Port Colborne the Queen's Own had already started on their march to Fort Erie, still without a proper supply of food. I decided to push on with the train,

after obtaining the aid of a few men to act as a guard, in the hope of having supplies already there when the volunteers arrived. But we found the track had been torn up in several places, and that Sourwine's bridge had again been burned. These obstructions caused so much delay that it was after dark before the train reached Fort Erie, and long after the Queen's Own had arrived there, the men actually suffering from hunger after their long march. No time was lost in giving them the benefit of the supply when it reached them. The car doors were thrown open, and the men told to help themselves to bread, cheese, ham, etc., of which there was a plentiful supply; while the uncooked meats were handed over to the officers for distribution.

All remained quiet at Fort Erie during Sunday night and Monday, and on Tuesday, the 5th, the Queen's Own and Capt. Davis' company were ordered to Stratford, as there were wild, exciting rumours circulating that an attack was about to be made on Goderich or Sarnia — Stratford being within a few hours' run of either of the threatened points. But no attempt of the kind was made, and the excitement gradually subsided.

I had an opportunity of visiting the prisoners in the Brantford jail before they were removed to Toronto for trial, and talked with a number of them, particularly with one well-dressed, intelligent-looking young man, who sat with his face buried in his hands—a picture of dejection and misery. Speaking to him in a kindly tone, I asked how it was that a man of his appearance had allowed himself to be drawn into such a wild,

hopeless enterprise. He replied freely, saying that he came from St. Louis, that he had served in the Northern army, and had been persuaded by Fenian agents that there was little or no risk to be incurred in joining the expedition, as the Canadians were friendly to the movement, and that all they had to do was to avoid the U.S. authorities while crossing the border.

He freely confessed his ignorance of Canada and Canadian affairs, and that he had allowed himself to be utterly deceived as to actual facts.

Robert Larmour.



ENLARGED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

LIEUT.-COL. KING.

As Captain R. S. King, he commanded the Welland Canal Field Battery at Fort Erie in 1866, where he was twice wounded and suffered the loss of a leg from one of these wounds. Although only Brevet-Major upon his retirement in 1882, he was granted the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, as a special case, in consequence of his long and faithful service in the Active Militia of Canada. Col. King's father was an officer in the Imperial Service (Army List, 1803) and afterwards an officer in the Royal Irish Constabulary.

DARGAI RIDGE.

One of the most thrilling events of the recent war in India was the storming of Dargai Ridge by the British on October 20th. The Afridis held an almost impregnable position in front of which was an open plain, across which the Ghoorkhas crossed; they were, however, unable to take the ridge unassisted. The Derbyshire and Dorchester Regiments essayed to help but were driven back. It was then that Col. Mathias uttered the words which have stirred the hearts of the whole English-speaking race:

"Men of the Gordon Highlanders:—The General says that position must be taken at all costs. The Gordon Highlanders will take it."

Piper Patrick Milne, though shot through both legs, propped himself against a boulder and continued the music, winning for himself the Victoria Cross. There were many other deeds of bravery before the position was won. Col. Mathias is a Welshman and many of his men were not Scotchmen, hence this wonderful charge was a truly British one. Of the two following poems, the one by Reginald Gourlay was written for *The Canadian Magazine*, and the other was written by the celebrated actor, Richard Mansfield, for the *New York Tribune*.

ON DARGAI RIDGE.

FROM Dargai ridge the guns flashed red,
Where the mountain people stood.
The plain was strewn with Ghoorka dead;
The rocks were splashed with blood.

From that death ridge, so grim and high,
Our line was backward borne;
Loud rose the tribesmen's battle cry,
The Afridi's shout of scorn.

But pipes are sounding up the pass,
Where moving bayonets glance;
With steady step—in serried mass—
The Highlanders advance.

Short are the words their Colonel speaks
"That ridge must carried be,—
The Highlanders will do it;
Forward—to victory!"

The Highland bayonets flash and shine,
As upward still they pressed;
Each instant nearer draws their line
To that grim flaming crest.

The pipes are screaming loud and shrill.
Fierce stood the foe at bay,—
But the Gordon men marched onward still,
Like lions on their prey.

In vain the grape shot howled and crashed,
 Humming like bees that swarm—
 Right up that deadly ridge they dashed,
 And o'er it like a storm !

Woe to the Afghan wolves that hour !
 When in their ranks they feel,
 What makes the bravest foes to cower,
 Resistless British steel.

As fought our troops before,
 Our troops can fight to-day—
 Our foes still tremble as of yore,
 When Britain stands at bay.

Reginald Gourlay.

DARGAI GAP.

BULLDOGS, hark ! Did your courage fail?
 Bulldogs, hark ! Did your glory pale ?
 What of the slander that says " Decayed "
 And " Gone to the Dogs " since the Light Brigade ?
 For the blood and the bone that humbled Nap ;
 'Twas there again, boys, in the Dargai Gap.

Did ye hear the swish of the flying shot,
 The roll of the drum and the rattle-pot ?
 The music that rose clear o'er that yell ?
 And thrilled through the ranks and stirred up Hell ?
 Come, Highland Laddie—Head up— and step forth ;
 A crown of glory—Cock of the North.

You Cock of the North, aye, pipe away,
 With both stumps gone, and you won the day ;
 You may lean your back against comrades now,
 They'll moisten your lips and they'll kiss your brow ;
 For they fought like men, and a man may weep,
 When he lays a man to his last long sleep.

Bulldogs, who sleep on the Dargai Ridge,
 Fall in, quick march, and over the bridge,
 The pipers ahead and the same old air
 To pipe you to Heaven, and veterans there.
 And—you'll tell the bullies who humbled Nap—
 The Glorious story of Dargai Gap.

Richard Mansfield.

CALAMITY'S GIRL-CHILD.

Three Drawings by W. Goode.

"BY Jove, boys!" said young Travers in enthusiastic tones, as he joined a knot of men chatting in the hall at Mrs. Price-Willoughby's reception, "I have unearthed a veritable Venus."

"Where, Jemmy?" asked one.

"Saw her talking to that English baronet in the conservatory just now. She is as dark as an Italian, and has a face like a Madonna, only there's lot of fun in it. Hush! here she comes."

As he spoke, Sir Fenwick Smythe from the Embassy, with a lady on his arm, came slowly along the hall; he, tall, fair and athletic; she, lithe, dark, slender, with masses of silky black hair coiled about her shapely head, and eyes that seemed to burn in their brilliancy. Young as she was, and she did not appear to have passed twenty, she had the poise and carriage of a princess. "Thoroughbred down to the heels, both of them," was Barrington's semi-audible comment, in his own particular slang. As the loiterers stepped on one side to allow the young couple to pass they observed that her skin, where it showed through delicious waves of creamy lace, was of a dusky hue.

"Whew!" ejaculated Wills of the Navy, "Jemmy was right for once. Foreigner, that's evident; but who—and whence—and why?"

"Not so very foreign after all?" remarked a bronzed man with fierce, grey moustache, "a native of Canada."

"Tell us, old chappie," came in a chorus, "who is she? She must be enquired into."

"She's not for any of you, I can tell you that much," said the former speaker, with a grim smile. "Yes; I know something of her, as I happen to be her godfather."

"You don't say!" said Wills incredulously. "If it's a fair question, Hilton, might I ask her nationality—parentage, I mean, of course."

"She is a Great Cree Indian from Assiniboia, away up in the Northwest prairie. Pure blood on both sides, not a strain of white in her. You look startled. Well; it is a strange story and shows the proverbial cowboy in a new light. If you care to hear it follow me quietly into Willoughby's sanctum. He, worthy man, not being so enslaved of fashion as Mrs. Van Hansen Price-Willoughby, *née* Milligan, his spouse, has thoughtfully provided for us vagabonds a choice little collection in the way of cold beef and pickles, oysters on the half shell, and some ripping good bottled beer—with other *sweetmeats*, as you would observe, Casey."

"Now," resumed Hilton, when they had assembled in their host's snug study and attended to the various wants of the inner man, "if you fellows will keep quiet for five minutes, I will spin you as pretty and pathetic a little yarn as you ever heard. But remember you are gentlemen; don't go and garble it over half the clubs in the country."

He finished the beer in his glass with all the relish of a connoisseur, cleared his throat and began:

"First of all, her name is Walker, Rose Walker. That's a blow for you, eh? Don't weep, Jemmy; I quite agree with you it should be Eugenie Claribel Maud de Vere Fitzgrandby; only it isn't. She's Rose Walker and nothing else. Secondly, she was launched into the vortex of society, as ladies' papers put it, about a month ago, in Philadelphia, by Dr. Irving Thomas, my old chum, and one of her fathers."

"What do you mean?" asked Barrington, irritably.

"Just what I say, Jack; one of her fathers. She had several, and thereby hangs the tale. So far I have told you that she is the celebrated Philadelphia debutante, Miss Walker, about whose beauty the society papers have been raving lately; you also know

that she is Dr. Thomas's adopted daughter and *my* god-child. If you can forego that feminine pleasure, interruption, for a few moments longer, I will tell you how it happened. I suppose you know that I was once a trooper in the Canadian Mounted Police?"

"Ah, I often thought you acquired those abnormal shoulders and that indescribable swagger in some kind of cavalry corps," said Casey.

"Thanks.

Was that meant for a compliment, Pat? Well, I was in the Police eighteen years ago, and a wild time it was. They had not been many years in existence then, and the country was pretty lawless. However, quite a few cattle ranches were being started in the vicinity of the Police forts, and the prairie was slowly getting settled. We had long patrols to make across the rolling plains and oft-

en considerable danger to face. At this particular time I was camped in a tent with half-a-dozen others, south of the Cypress Hills, watching the old Indian trails. One scorching hot day, an hour or two before sunset, I was riding home alone after a cruel patrol without food or water, thinking of supper and a swim in the White Mud River, when I caught sight of a large white tent

and the waggon and herds of a 'round-up' camp on a flat about two miles distant. 'Supper sooner than I thought,' said I, for I had still ten miles to ride, and spurred down to see whose outfit it was.

"It turned out to be a fall round-up of the once celebrated 'L. bar L.' ranch, (so-called after the letters of their brand), run by a Scotch syndicate owning some thousands of cattle. Broken up now into a score of smaller com-

panies, I am told. They did things in pretty good shape, paid high wages and kept quite a number of cowboys riding the range. As nobody came to the door of the tent to greet me, I slung my broncho's reins over his head, leaving him to feed at will with the other horses, and walked inside uninvited. There was an appetising smell of beef cooking, which was invitation enough.

"Inside I found Bob McIntosh, the

cook, busy preparing the evening meal. What a fine cook he was! or, at all events, I thought so in those days. There was an old waggon-cover drawn across the center of the tent, and on the other side of it I could hear low voices.

"'Hello, Bob! what chance for supper?'

"'Sh—' he said, with an anxious



"I was riding home alone."

face; 'not quite so loud. Supper will be ready in the dining-car in ten minutes.'

" 'Why, what's wrong?' I asked, 'any one dead?'

" 'Far from it,' he replied, 'only, don't make a noise. It—it—is kinder makes my head ache.'

"I burst into a loud laugh, and pushing past him, walked behind the wagon-cover. Seated in a semi-circle round a small packing-case were six cowboys. Four were comparatively new faces to me, but two of them—'Calamity' Walker and 'Cockney' Thomas—I knew well. All wore a troubled and preoccupied air, and held their revolvers thoughtfully across their knees. Some kind of a council was evidently being held. 'Calamity' Walker looked up with a vacant nod of greeting as I entered.

" 'What's in the wind now?' I asked.

" 'Oh, nothin' ; at least, we're kinder rattled,' he answered, with an artistic oath.

" 'What's in the box?' I asked, as a faint whine came from under a blanket. 'Coyote pups?'

" 'Somethin' o' that sort,' said Calamity, who appeared to be spokesman. 'Anyways, we picked it up on the prairie.'

" 'Wild?' I queried again.

" 'Wild as a Texas steer,' he said, expectorating solemnly into the ring and relapsing into silence.

"Calamity was the terror of the prairie. A man about forty years of age, with a face scarred and small-pox pitted, and almost as red as the moustache that reached, without exaggeration, nearly to the waist. His eyes, though keen enough, were inflamed with drink and exposure, and his hair hung in tangled masses over his forehead, and below his shoulders behind. I noticed this night with surprise that he had recently shaved, and had on a clean white shirt. Something unusual had most decidedly happened.

"After a short silence, in which I felt a bit awkward, Calamity turned to 'Cockney' Thomas, a sturdy young Englishman about twenty-six years of

age, who was sitting next to him, and jerked his thumb in my direction.

" 'You tell him, Cockney,' he said. 'The police have got to know sooner or later.'

" 'Look under that blanket,' said Thomas, with a laugh, 'and give us your opinion of it.'

"I raised the corner of a piece of saddle-blanket that was carefully tucked into the box, and peeped beneath. At first I could not make out what the thing was, but after a second look, I saw—I shall never forget the shock—a very small, very feeble, *Indian baby*, wrapped in Calamity Walker's ten-dollar black silk shirt!

" 'You see, it was this way,' said Cockney Thomas, speaking rapidly and half-apologetically: 'Calamity and I were riding home about eight this morning, after being out all night hunting up strays, when, just at the forks of the Swift Current and the White Mud, we saw something lying on the ground close to a patch of rose-bushes. It turned out to be a young squaw stone-dead, and this blamed youngster just born and living. I was a medical student at St. George's for two years before coming out to this country, and luckily remembered enough to fix things up for the kid, and old Calamity wrapped it up in his shirt and carried it home under his pea-jacket. You would have died laughing to see him trying to make that bucking broncho go quietly.'

" 'Who was the squaw?'

" 'Haven't the least notion. I never saw her before. Cree, by the paint and blanket, and not more than twenty years of age, I guess. She had this ring on her thumb. I took it off to give to you fellows for purposes of identification; for you'll have to take charge of the body. We partly covered her with stones, and ran up a flag alongside to scare off wolves.'

"As he finished speaking he handed me the queer brass ring which you see hanging on my watch-chain to-night.

" 'I suppose there'll have to be an inquest,' said McIntosh; 'though its

pretty plain the poor creature died from heart disease or exhaustion.'

"'Inquest or no inquest,' interrupted Calamity, with a fearful scowl and a still more fearful oath, 'I shall keep this 'ere girl-child. I never had no luck in my life, and she's bin sent as a mascotte. She belongs to you and me, Cockney, mostly *me*, and don't you forget it.'

"And, as I live, the savage scoundrel bent over the box and touched the sleeping infant on the forehead with his lips. We were too astonished to laugh, even had it been safe to do so.

"At this point supper was announced, and during the process of the meal talk became more general, and ways and means were discussed with regard to their newly-acquired treasure.

"'Pears to me,' said Gibson, a big fellow from Montana, with his mouth full of hot beans, 'that the kid wants a start in life. This camp ain't no place for it, and old mother French would take charge of it at Silver Creek till it's old enough to get some schoolin'. I ain't had a very good year, but I'm game to go fifty.'

"'And I,' 'and I,' came one by one from the rest.

"'Thanks, boys,' said Calamity with an air of proprietorship which there was no contradicting; 'and as the girl-child's mine—mine and, to a slight extent, Cockney's—and, as I've no particular claims on me, I'll go a hundred and we'll give her a good send-off. This here is the —, —est best bit of luck this old camp ever struck.'

"After supper I got the loan of one of their horses and started out with Thomas to view the remains, leaving an excited argument in progress between McIntosh and Calamity Walker. The former, as a married man, averred that the milk in the child's bottle should be two-thirds diluted with water, which drew from Calamity the remark that *his* girl-child was going to have her milk straight, and not only that, but with cream on it! and further, that he would bore holes in the whole shooting-match if they tried on any of their monkey-tricks with him.

"The inquest was, of course, only a matter of form. There was no identifying the poor girl's body, and none of the many bands of restless Indians roaming about the country came forward to claim it. Female life does not count for much among them. So the jury brought in a delicious verdict of 'death from lack of proper medical attendance.' Calamity Walker took formal possession of the *papoose*, and I kept the ring. In due time the child was baptised under the name of Rose, for as Calamity remarked with unconscious poetry, 'Though rather a late blossom, I found her in the rose-bushes;' and the surname of Walker became hers as if by right. At the baptism, which was of a most imposing description, I was one sponsor and old Mrs. French the other. To this woman, the kind-hearted widow of an Irish settler, the child was sent to be cared for, and her two fathers, Walker and Thomas, pursued the noisy 'tenor of their way.'

"It seemed as though the child had really brought luck to Calamity, for his little bunch of cattle began to prosper from that time. Where others' died in the hard winters, his pulled through and multiplied apace. There were rumours that he was none too particular whose calves he branded in the spring, but let us hope that was only jealousy. Anyway, in a few years he was owner of a considerable herd of beef, and the child, growing into a graceful, delicate girl, was, unknown to herself, mistress of quite a decent sum in the savings bank, besides a percentage on the yearly increase of calves. Every winter Calamity would take up his residence in Silver Creek to be near the only creature that he loved; and she, lonely waif, thought that the sun rose and set in her strange father's fiery countenance, and old Calamity gambled and fought and drank, and fell foul of everybody in his own inimitable way, while the child, overhearing harsh remarks about him, would weep in solitude, her sensitive heart nearly breaking.

"Meanwhile, Thomas had quit



DRAWN BY W. GOODE.

"We saw something lying on the ground."

ranching, and, being enabled by the sale of a few cattle and some slight help from the old country, to resume his broken-off medical studies, had taken his M.D. in good shape at Montreal, and started fairly well in private practice in New York State. You see, he was a boon companion, and after sitting up all night with a lady-patient, was always ready to spend next day carousing with the jubilant husband. Perhaps it did not tend towards obtaining a high class of patients, but, such as they were, he had plenty, and was popular. He had left a few head of

cattle in Calamity's herd, and these had now grown into an important item, and been duly settled upon the prairie Rose.

"At length a change came. Calamity had been on a furious spree. He had been fined by the Police Inspector for drunkenness and brawling, and shortly afterwards had only escaped a conviction for manslaughter through a flaw in the evidence. Even the 'wild and woolly West' was growing too hot to hold him. One night he sat alone in his cottage with hands deep in his pockets, and eyes fixed moodily on the

mud floor. On a table near him lay his long Colt's revolver loaded in every chamber, by the side of a newly-opened bottle of Hudson's Bay rum. He had been drunk, off and on, for a full fortnight, and this night had been driven home after a desperate fight, only by sheer weight of numbers. In the ghastly process of sobering-up he was mentally reviewing the past, and counting its cost.

"The door opened noiselessly, and the Indian child crept softly to his side, where she fell on the floor, and burying her face on his knees, burst into a passion of tears.

"Calamity, with eyes averted, shifted uneasily, but did not speak.

"Oh, daddy, daddy!" she said, at last, her low Indian voice broken by sobs. 'Do try to be good. You are all I have—all I have in the world to love.'

"The man pushed the matted hair back from his blood-shot eyes and looked intently at her for some moments; then, bending suddenly forward, he clasped her to him with more than a mother's tenderness and rose unsteadily to his feet. Seizing the bottle from the table he dashed it furiously upon the ground, where he stamped it into small pieces with the heavy heel of his riding-boot; at the same time uttering an oath so novel, ingenious and complicated that it even startled himself.

"That's the last of it, girl-child," he said through his set teeth, 'the last drop for poor old broken Calamity Walker.'

"And the man kept his word, though it killed him. The sudden stopping of the fiery stimulant, which had been both meat and drink to him for years, hastened the collapse of a constitution already shaken by hardship, exposure and abuse. In six months the police surgeon told him that he had but a few days more to live. Calamity took the news with a philosophical smile—with all his faults he was sand to the back-



DRAWN BY W. GOODE.

"One might be sat alone in his cottage with hands deep in his pockets, and eyes fixed moodily on the mud floor."

bone—and asked the doctor to kindly write a business letter for him to ‘Irving Thomas, Esq., M.D.,’ at a village in New York State. When the letter was finished he carefully perused it, then, with trembling fingers, added, in the straggling letters so characteristic of his life, this postscript :

“‘I am come for at last, lad. Remember, I leaves all my share of the herd to the girl-child, and I leaves the girl-child herself to you. Do your duty by her, or I’ll drop you when we meet in the other world, sure as you are born, Cockney Thomas.’

“So we buried Calamity Walker on the lonely hill-side, and the Police fired a volley over him, for he had done some scout work for them; and, while the bugle sounded ‘Lights out!’ more tears than the Indian girl’s fell from women’s eyes into his open grave.

“There is no more to tell. Little Rose, now quite an heiress, came east to her new father, who accepted the charge faithfully. In due time he

moved to Philadelphia, where he was married and made his present reputation as a ladies’ specialist. You little thought that the sedate Dr. Irving Thomas, with the white hands and caressing smile, could give you a grip that would bring tears to your eyes, Barrington; or would drop *you*, Casey, in your tracks, at the first word of insult, big, hulking fellows, as you both are. It is well to learn these things sometimes, my boys.

“Rose met young Smythe at a tennis party at Washington last year. They are to be married in October, when the brass ring will be not the least highly prized among the wedding gifts. He is a decent young fellow, and has lots of money, and she will take him quite a goodly dower. For one thing you can take my word: Even among the fair ladies of his own land he could choose no sweeter, purer or better bride than poor old Calamity’s girl-child.

“Now, come and be introduced.”

Irving Claxton.



SONG OF THE PEOPLE.

STRONG are thy sons against the foe,
 Canada the fair, Canada the free;
 Purer thy daughters than the snow,
 Canada the fair, Canada the free;
 All that I have I here bestow,
 My Canada on thee.

For thy protection France has struck,
 Canada the fair, Canada the free;
 An Indian maiden gave thee suck,
 Canada the fair, Canada the free;
 A Mother-land has wished thee luck,
 My Canada the free.

Never from the right withhold,
 Canada the fair, Canada the free;
 Never let the heart grow cold,
 Canada the fair, Canada the free;
 Till God and man their hopes behold,
 My Canada in thee.

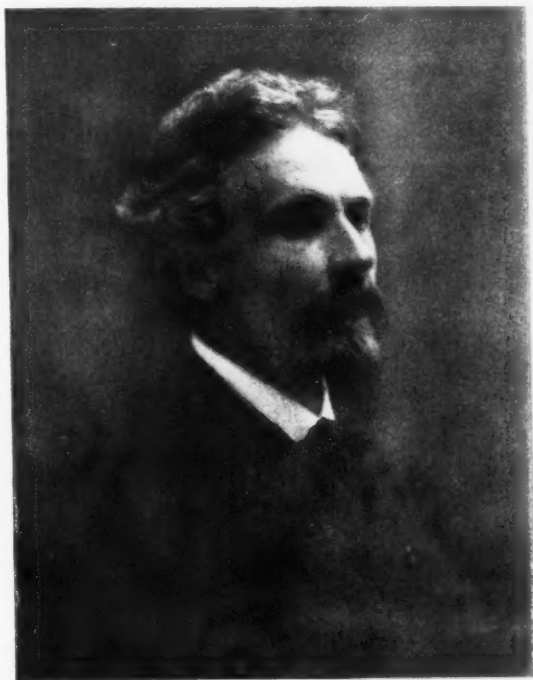
WYATT EATON.

A CANADIAN ARTIST WHO WON FAME ABROAD; WITH SOME REPRODUCTIONS OF HIS WORK.

IN the death of Wyatt Eaton we have lost, not only one of the last connecting links between the Romanticists and the men of to-day, but one of the strongest portrait painters of the time. And those who may remember with what general approval and success the portrait of Sir William Dawson, the well-known geologist, and then principal of McGill University, was received in Montreal a few years ago, may perhaps feel an interest in his life and work. He was born in Philipsburg, a village of 250 inhabitants on Missisquoi Bay, a part of Lake Champlain, in Canada, on May 6, 1849. As a mere lad he went to Montreal to consult an artist of some local prominence, and submitted to him a few drawings made from casts before he had any instruction. This artist gave him such kindly advice and encouragement that he resolved then, despite the opposition of his parents, to become a painter. At the age of eighteen he went to New York and commenced the study of art at the National Academy of Design, under Samuel Coleman, Daniel Huntington, Leutze, and other academicians, who criticized each in turns of two weeks, there being in those days no regular professors; "and," said Mr. Eaton, "these men contradicted each other so constantly that it was good for the students, inasmuch as it obliged us to think for ourselves."

After only four months drawing from the antique, he was admitted into the life classes, and at the same time he painted in the studio of Joseph Orion Eaton, in whom he discovered the rare combination of capable master and kind interested friend, and who caused him to meet many of the young men who have since become the makers of the history of Art in America.

In 1872 he went to Europe, and after a few weeks in London, where he had the good fortune to meet James McNeil Whistler, from whom he received many valuable suggestions, and where his



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

(211)

WYATT EATON



PAINTING BY WYATT EATON.

MRS. RICHARD
WATSON GILDER.

poetic nature became impregnated with the spirit of the pre-Raphaelite painters, he went on to Paris, and entered the Atelier at the Ecole des Beaux Arts of Gerôme.

For the next four years his time was divided between Paris and Barbizon, in the Forest of Fontainebleau. In Paris he came to know Munkaczy, who gave him occasional criticisms, and he was on intimate terms with Bastien Lepage, Dagnon, Wenker, and other young men whose names have since become familiar to us. It was on one of those summer vacations that, at a peasants' fête, he met the illustrious author, Robert Louis Stevenson, whose personality made so strong an impression upon him. In speaking of the occasion in after years, Mr. Eaton said, "He com-

bined the face of a boy with the distinguished bearing of the man of the world."

It was during this time that he had the rare privilege of much intercourse with Millet, being a constant and welcome visitor at the artist's home, and treated with the familiar affection almost of a son by Madam Millet. In the evening they would play at dominoes together, and on rare and happy occasions the master would waive his habitual reserve on art matters, and discuss art, in its pictorial and higher meaning. Every meeting with Millet was a treasure in the memory of the pupil.

At this time he did not limit himself to the study at the school, but worked from nature, painting peasant subjects, portraits,



FROM A CRAYON.

MODJESKA.

and making landscape studies in the forest, or in the fields of Barbizon, so famed for their rich cultivation; in 1874 his "Reverie" was exhibited at the Salon, and two years later his "Harvesters at Rest," now in the gallery at Smith College, a picture that, notwithstanding a great evidence of immaturity, elicited much praise for its sturdy and sympathetic representation of peasant life and character.

To those acquainted with the history of art in America the name of Wyatt Eaton must always be familiar, for on his return to New York in 1876, fresh from a world peopled by such men, and surrounded by all those elements that contribute to foster and develop the love

of beauty and all that is highest, truest and sweetest in the poetic and imaginative temperament, he was well equipped to take a leading part in the art world. He was active in the formation of the Society of American Artists, being one of its organizers, its first Secretary, and later President of the Society. It is not, however, of objective conditions or of training that we

would speak, but of the intrinsic qualities of the works, upon which alone the endurance of a name must depend, and to those unacquainted with his early success these portraits, crowned in dignity, worth and beauty, will come as a discovery.

His first important work in America were drawings from life of the poets Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes and Dr. Holland, and the meeting with these men was an experience to

the young artist, fresh from the quaint and eventful Latin Quarter, that made a deep and lasting impression, and upon which, in after years, he loved to dwell.

In 1883 Mr. Eaton returned to France, and for two years lived a pastoral life among the peasants at



FROM A PAINTING.

SIR WILLIAM C. VAN HORNE.

Barbizon, when he painted the "Harvest Scene," now in the gallery at Montreal, and where he imbibed the spirit of seclusiveness and disregard of convention, assumed by that illustrious group of painters now called the Barbizon School, which clung to him and coloured all his after life.

In the spring of 1884 he exhibited at the Salon the portrait of Mrs. Hawkins,

mother of the eccentric artist, a picture which equals in style and nobility of conception, if not in execution, with the best of his later work, and was said to be in some respects the very finest canvas in the Salon.

Under such early influence it is not strange that he remained untouched by the ephemeral art pursued and patronized by many artists during the last years of his life. While far removed from any

suggestion of the other extreme utilitarianism, he yet sought beauty in the appropriate, the seemly, being oblivious to all but his own feeling for and understanding of beauty. Seeing the good in every form of the expression of art, he absorbed all that he needed

from the different sources, and was enslaved by none. It is difficult, therefore, to classify or identify him with any particular school or group of painters; between the almost aggressive accentuation of type of Lenbach, and the charming unsubstantiality of Chatrain, and that frivolity of treatment so characteristic of the French School, Wyatt Eaton is a distinct element. While his admiration

for his contemporaries was unbounded, chief among whom was Sargent, whom he called the painter's painter, he went directly to the shrine of the old masters for his inspiration—Giotto for the harmony and simplicity in composition, and arrangement of the folds in drapery, Correggio for the silvery flesh tones, and the subtlety of modelling, especially in the shadow, Titian for his roundness and opulence, and Orcagna

for that delight in chastity, that perfection of form and proportion which makes all mere adornment seem but excrescence, and appeals only to such natures when the spiritual has the mastery.

In much of his early work, however, this independence was his chief failing, being adopted before he



FROM A PAINTING.

MR. R. B. ANGUS.

had acquired the necessary knowledge to bear it out successfully. This is why he felt a restraint, almost an inability to express himself, for though the purpose was strong and the motive well conceived, it could not fully flower; for "the 'freedom of the lines of nature,' says Ruskin, 'can only be represented by a similar freedom in the hand that follows them,' so that his achievement did not equal his instinct; he was al-

ways less than he could be, gentle where he could have been strong, more marked by a delicate firmness than by vigour.

The portrait of Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder is one of the best of his earlier successes. This has a warmth, a life-like glow and serenity, that takes one back to the Venetians, and while there is not yet that perfection of technique that later distinguishes his work, in no other portrait has



FROM A PAINTING.

HARVESTERS
AT REST.



PEN AND INK SKETCH.

ROBERT LOUIS
STEVENSON.

he so well given the sweetness and repose of the nature of the sitter, or conveyed such a sense of beauty, by the refinement of mind speaking through the expression of the features. One feels that the sitter was more to him than merely a subject for a picture, for while true to the external forms in nature, it is his own perception of the womanly charm and dignity before him that he has put upon the canvas.

This is what it is to create, for although copied after a model, a portrait may be none the less a creation, and the more a work of art is imbued with that spiritual, personal essence, that quality which holds while it eludes, which is temperament, the more of a creation it is; and is not this one of the highest essentials in art—to group and make to shine the momentary flashes of beauty

in the soul, and hold them captive? The fleeting has become fixed and is lasting.

In his later work there is none of the uncertainty, that groping after himself, that at times marred the spontaneity of his earlier manner; that searching which evinces the true artist, and without which nothing of permanent worth is accomplished, is there, but he now knows what he wants to do, and does it with ease. The hand, no longer hampered by an imperfect knowledge and use of the instrument, obeys the thought with swiftness and truth.

The portraits of Mr. J. H. R. Molson and Mr. W. C. McDonald, bene-

factors of the McGill College, are among the best of his later productions; these figures, clad in the conventional dress of the day, have a peculiar charm and interest for us; we take a contemplative and intellectual pleasure in them that is beyond our explanation. The hands, always a strong feature in his portraits, are exquisitely, tenderly and masterfully drawn, and the arrangement of the hands in a portrait show the fertility of invention of the artist, more than anything else; if, on a large canvas, they are omitted, that is, gloved or concealed in the draperies, there is a sense of weakness, a feeling of inability, and if given they must have some especial significance; they must bear an important yet minor relation to the head, as if in communicable obedience and sympathy with the brain.

Among his contemporaries there is no one, excepting occasionally Sargent, who can equal him in the rendering of hands, as, indeed, in this particular, there are few among the old masters who can surpass him.

Mr. Eaton died too young to fully reap the benefit of his labours, having only just entered his 48th year; for in the plastic arts, where so long an apprenticeship must be served, and served with self-sacrifice and devotion, this was being cut off halfway to that goal towards which every true artist is striving; but he seemed to realize that his working-days were few and short, and if he would accomplish anything he must work and work in his own way. Thus it is that he has put all that he conceived and embodied of loveliness, grace and style, into his portraits, so that we frequently find ourselves thinking as much of the sensitive nature that pro-



FROM A PAINTING.

HON. ARCHIE GORDON,
YOUNGEST SON OF
LORD ABERDEEN.

duced as of the production. And is not this one of the attributes of true greatness, to awaken the consciousness of the refinement of sentiment and purpose, underlying the creative impulse, the vital fore-thought that floated, and mused, and sung, before the tools were handled?

He was given that clearer and more spiritual vision that often comes as if in compensation to those to whom the activities and delights of robust health are denied, the joy of which is a thing known only to those who possess it. He looked right through to the heart of things, and seeing the end in the beginning, he worked towards that end with an unflinching courage. His life, therefore, was one of constant attainment, enlargement of vision, breadth of treatment and singleness of aim, with a constant striving after a more perfect comprehension of the principle of simplicity, which is the highest form of the expression of all great art. So that the retirement and semi-oblivion in which he lived was not felt as a privation, being full of the brightness that comes only to those rare natures who, being unfitted for the struggle, can yet separate themselves and be content.

In 1892 Mr. Eaton made his second visit to Montreal, where he painted the portraits of Sir Donald Smith, Sir William C. Van Horne, and Mr. R. B. Angus, for the Canadian Pacific Railway, that were so favourably received that they were immediately followed by other important orders, and the remainder of his life was spent chiefly in Canada.



FROM A PAINTING.

"REVERIE."

The portrait of Lady Marjorie Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada, is a gentle and touching representation of the precocious and interesting type of child, where the features are already formed, and beaming with the brightness of the intellect, but with a sweetness and grace that adds, rather than detracts, from the freshness and innocence of her years. It is, however, too hastily done to be regarded as anything but a sketch, the artist having had in mind the composition for a large picture; but though the hand was hurried, it struck the true chord and we enjoy it for what it is.

His last working days were passed at Ottawa, being invited by the Countess of Aberdeen to be present at the hanging of the portrait of her little son, the Hon. Archie Gordon, his last and most beautiful work, where he was tendered such appreciative kindness and hospitality that it was with real emotion that he afterwards spoke of his visit to the Government House, and of its gracious inhabitants.

In 1895 Mr. Eaton made a trip to

the south of Italy, with the hope of recovering from the effects of a surgical operation, and for a time, in the balmy air of the Mediterranean, the possibility of health became so tangible and filled him with such courage that he went to London, where he took a studio, with the intention of remaining some years; but after a few weeks these plans had to be abandoned, and he returned to America, and submitted to another operation, which proved fatal.

A few nude figures from his brush show a love and close study of the human form. The "Ariadne," owned by Mr. W. T. Evans, and the "Magdalene," owned by Clara Louise Kellogg, are, I think, two of the finest. These have an ideality, a poetry of con-

ception and finish, and are painted with such sympathetic and harmonious quietness and grace that in their refinement and charm there is almost no feeling of the nude. They are not ambitious works, however, and give but a glimpse of what he might have achieved in this comprehensive field, and many of his sketches and motives for pictures speak of the purely creative power, that, had his life been a longer one, he would undoubtedly have been equally well known as a figure painter, as a painter of portraits.

But his death came too soon to fully realize the early prophecy, or mark the time with the character of his genius, and it is a serious loss, not only to his generation, but to the art of the nineteenth century.

Charlotte Eaton.



THE GRANDMOTHER.

Beside Life's ev'ning lattice dim,
I see her sit alone;
And drear the lengthened shadows grim
Where sun so lately shone.

The form that erstwhile lithe and round,
Filled one man's heart with charm,
Stoops now at Nature's outmost bound,
Waiting its utmost harm.

Her ancient cap, for widow meek,
Her whited head doth crown;
Pale care sits in her wrinkled cheek,
But the old smile still looks down.

Those toil-worn hands, with falt'ring skill
Still weave some grandchild's prize;
Ah, God, that loving work should kill
The sweet light in her eyes!

'Tis true her sliding footsteps creep
Toward Life's final goal;

Let Love her guarding vigils keep
For sake of a mother-soul.

A mother-soul—that honoured trust,
Through a great world's pain and strife;
Nor fame that fades, nor crowns that rust
O'ervalue a bearer's life.

Out of a throng of forbears vast,
She was our pioneer;
The brimming draught of Life she passed,
And, passing, she is dear.

Toil for the body and hope for the mind,
And trust of the heavenly light—
These be the tokens she leaves behind
In her generation's sight.

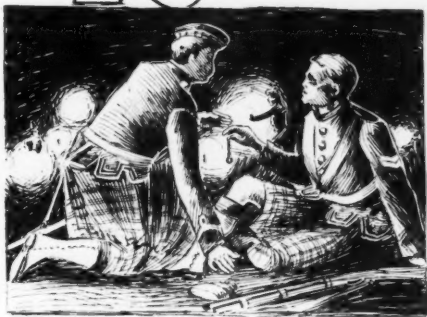
O Time-worn hands! O tender heart!
Your blessings we implore;
Bequeath us the secret of that great part
Which, fronting your God, you bore.

Reuben Butchart.

THE ROMANCE

OF A GIFT-RING

BY
A GORDON TAIT



I.

THERE occurs, I suppose, during the course of every lifetime, however unromantic, some event (or train of events) the recollection of which must always remain vivid in the mind—a recollection that time cannot efface or the memory allow to grow dim; some event (or events) which will mark, as it were, an epoch in the every-day round of the “sheltered life.”

Let me remind the reader that in Scotland, in earlier and more romantic times than the present, long and faithful service in the household of a family of position, or the rendering of some exceptional service—as the saving of life in battle—ensured for the leal dependent or the gallant henchman generous and open-handed recognition. Whether the reward took the shape of a grant of land, a sum of money, a weapon of war or of the chase, or the presentation of some costly token, was determined by the will and the means of the giver, and by the nature of the services deserving compensation. In the case of the Earls of Glenfinnan, their tolerable wealth in the past had enabled them to bestow, in consideration of meritorious or signal service, presents of high intrinsic value. These invariably took the form of a hand-

somely be-jewelled *skene dhu*, a richly wrought dirk of fine steel, or a gift-ring of pure gold.

It is with such a gift-ring that this story is chiefly concerned. This ring—as I afterwards learnt whilst seeking its lawful owner—had been originally given by an ancient Earl of Glenfinnan to a certain Robert Dean about the close of the sixteenth century; and ever treasured in the family as one of its most precious possessions, had been handed down as an heirloom through generations. Of unusual size, and of exquisite workmanship, being surmounted by a head of the great boar encircled in minute diamonds with the words “DREAD G D,” the heraldic insignum of the honourable House of Glenfinnan, the ring was one that did not fail to attract at once the attention and the interest of all who might see it for the first time. Its guardian, at the time that the following circumstances came under my notice, was a young girl, Margaret Dean, who, with a sister rather younger than herself, had not only been orphans from early childhood, but were the last descendants in line direct from the said Robert Dean.

Of Margaret, or “Marget” Dean, the reader shall learn more.

II.

The eyes of all England—I might almost say of all Europe—were turned with feelings of no inconsiderable anxiety towards the Eastern Soudan. The Mahdi, after an exhibition of defiant bravado along the fringe of the Upper Desert, had suddenly, with a vast, fanatical following, swept unchecked over the entire country. The situation was critical. Hicks Pasha had been annihilated, the garrisons at Tinkat and Tokar had been massacred, Suakim was threatened and Khartoum itself, the key to the Lower Nile, was closely invested by bands of the Dervishes. Then, and not till then, did the Government at home decide to despatch a strong Expeditionary Force to break up the power of Mohammed Achmet, to re-establish communications with Gordon, beleaguered in Khartoum, and to restore the tranquillity of the province.

I was then a subaltern in the 42nd Royal Highlanders, having but a few months previously, to my intense relief and satisfaction, passed with a very fair record the "final" at Sandhurst. Unlike certain other so-called "Scottish" regiments, the ranks of the "Forty-twos" were largely recruited from among the natives of the crags and isles of the Western Highlands. My own birthplace and home was Strathtilt, under the shadow of the blue Cullin range, where, hard-by, several mountain torrents tumbled themselves noisily into the pool of Loch Coruisk. It was from such scenes of wild grandeur—whether fired by the stirring narrative of some bronze and be-medalled veteran, who from time to time would find his way back to his native glen, or whether seduced by the irresistible artifice of the smart and not-over-truthful recruiting-sergeant, I know not—but it was from such scenes, I repeat, that many a young Highlandman, after abrupt adieu, had set his face towards Perth, or Glasgow, or Stirling, thenceforth to become a soldier of the Queen.

On joining the regiment, therefore,

I had been glad to find, not only in the mess-room but also among the rank and file, some acquaintances of earlier days. One of these was a young corporal in my own company, Jock Sutherland by name, whom I had known some years before as a farm-lad near Strathtilt. He was of splendid physique, and about twenty-four years of age; he had light, sandy-coloured hair, bright blue eyes, and a skin of a ruddy tan that told of long exposure under a tropical sun. Corporal Sutherland was one of the Queen's good bargains. During five years' service he had never been on the "defaulters' sheet," and had been in hospital only one day, on account of a slight wound received at Tel-el-Kebir. In addition, he had qualified for the rank of sergeant, which promotion would take effect on the occurrence of a vacancy. He had been hoping to get married, in fact, I understood, had already applied for the necessary permission, when rumours of war dispelled for the time any prospect or possibility of an early union.

The few days following the receipt of urgent orders warning the "Black Watch" for active service abroad passed by all too rapidly in the bustle and excitement of preparation. On the multifarious duties incidental to the fitting out of troops about to take the field it is needless to dwell here; sufficient to say: the regiment, brought up to full fighting strength, paraded in the barrack-square on the morning of the sixth day in heavy marching order and clad in the serviceable *Khurki*. After inspection and a brief valedictory speech, we marched to the station to entrain for Southampton, where lay the great white troopship that was to convey us to the Red Sea.

The moment we had passed through the barrack gates the dense, eager crowds, which had been gathering in the neighbourhood since day-dawn, burst down amongst our ranks. The distraught wife dragged on the arm of her husband, and children strove to clutch to their father's kilt or to some portion of his equipment; the young

girl sobbed her heart out on the shoulder of her lover, and the mother bedewed the cheek, and the brother held fast the hand, of their "sodger laddie" whom they might never see return to them. Most had a friend in that wild, weeping throng, but several had none.

At length the station was reached and the barriers behind us secured.

The entraining proceeded without delay. A strong "fatigue" party worked with a will in loading up the great vans with the vast quantities of stores, baggage and other impedimenta that blocked the way on every side. A little distance off, tiny groups of ladies and officers and friends in mufti stood talk-

So intent did each one seem to be with ing together until the last moment, either the duties or the sorrows of the moment that no one noticed, half-concealed by a rampart of baggage, a young woman with head and shoulders covered with a green plaid, standing with eyes fixed steadfastly on a carriage window before her, without appearing to hear or to heed the noisy whirl around.

The signal was given to start. Instantly the shawl-clad figure darted forward.

"Jock! Jock! pit oot yir hand," she cried; "yir hand, lad, quick!" at the same time holding out a something, I could not see what, between her finger and thumb.

"Na, na," began the distressed Cor-



A HIGHLAND REGIMENT LEAVING HOME.

poral; "keep it, lass. Marget, it mauna be——"

"Ay, Jock, it maun. Now, quick, tak' it i' yir hand; maybe 'twill bring ye hame agen baith sound an' weel. God guide ye, laddie!"

The depot band that had accompanied us to the station crashed out "Auld Lang Syne," the ladies waved hands and parasols, the crowds at the barrier cheered—or tried to do so, and the heavily laden train moved slowly out of the station.

III.

"But things like this, you know, *must* be."

Involuntarily did Southey's lines come to my mind as, in the beautiful

after-glow that follows the Egyptian sunset, I looked across the vast extent of almost level desert heaped with the bodies of the dead and dying—the price of that “famous victory.”

The battle had been fought and won, but, as in many other desert fights, in that at Tamai we had sustained heavy losses. An unusually large number of senior non-commissioned officers of the 42nd had been returned “killed” or “wounded.” Posted, as they had been, behind their companies—“a’ shepherdin’ the rear,” as Kipling aptly puts it—when a corner of the square was driven by the Arab charge many of these poor fellows, taken in rear, had been speared or hewn down ere they or their comrades on the face of the square realized what had taken place. Their deaths, however, had been terribly avenged; for, of upwards of 200 Arabs who had swept through the breach, not one escaped with life.

The British dead were being laid out in rows. A few paces distant, at the foot of an isolated clump of palms, a burial party with pick and shovel prepared the desert grave. A dense bluish white cloud from the long-sustained rifle-fire hung like a pall overhead.*

Detailed to take charge of one of the numerous search-parties, formed of volunteers from various regiments for the purpose of collecting the dead and of bringing in the wounded, I worked carefully with my men over the scene of the day’s fight. By the aid of lantern-light, which drew on us the distant Dervish fire, we picked our way, ever fearing to tread on some dreadful heap of corruption. The stench that arose from the rapidly putrifying carcasses of the transport camels and mules that had been killed early in the day can never be forgotten by any who took part in that night’s work.

It was while engaged on this sad though necessary duty that I discovered, beneath a weight of dusky dead, the almost lifeless body of Corporal

Sutherland. Kneeling down, I raised the drooped head from out of the heated sand, and, as I did so, the streams that trickled from the slashed neck and shoulder burst out afresh. I saw that he was dying.

“Sutherland, my poor fellow,” I whispered, stooping over him, “what have they done to you?”

With a great effort he roused himself from the state of coma into which he had relapsed and opened his eyes a little. I held my waterbottle to his lips and soon he was able to articulate.

“Eh, sir, they’ve done for me noo,” he said, choking as it were for breath, “it’s sair hard tae dee . . . tae dee.”

“My poor fellow—my poor fellow,” was all that I could say.

For a few moments he remained silent. Presently from his besodden tunic he withdrew, bent and bloody and attached to a short length of chain, the gift-ring of the ancient Earl of Glenfinnan—the heirloom of the family of Dean. I was in the act of taking it from him when, suddenly raising himself up, he stared wildly out in front of him.

“See, there, she’s standin’, sir! Her hand is tae her een . . . she’s watchin’ doon the glen. . . . Marget! Marget!” he cried.

I thought of the shawl-clad figure on the platform at Maryhill. In spite of myself I looked in the direction in which the poor fellow was pointing, but saw only the dancing lights of the search-parties and the form of a piper silhouetted against the angry sky as, pacing to and fro, he played the “Land o’ the Leal,” over the place of the Highland dead.

Corporal Sutherland sank heavily back into my arms. Bending closely over him I caught the word—“Marget.”

Covering the body with a blanket, a bearer-section placed it on a stretcher and bore it away to the common grave beneath the palm-clump.

IV.

On the first opportunity after Tamai I wrote to the relatives in Scotland of

* NOTE.—There are no conditions in warfare under which the *morale* of soldiers, particularly of the younger men, is more affected than in the burial of their comrades. [A.G.T.]

Corporal Sutherland, and, whilst sympathizing with them in their distress, I recounted the circumstances under which the Glenfinnan ring had come into my possession, and further, requested them to make Margaret Dean aware of its safety. From a letter that came to hand some weeks later I learnt with regard to Margaret Dean that, stunned by the death of her lover and shocked by the supposed loss of the family heirloom—of which she now recognized herself to have been but the temporary guardian—she had left the neighbourhood with her sister, whither, no one could tell. By return of mail I communicated with a firm of solicitors in Glasgow advising them with the details of the case, and urging them to try every possible means to discover the whereabouts of the missing Deans. Failure, however, attended their efforts and it was not until my return home some two years later, on the cessation of protracted hostilities, that I was able to make any personal investigations.

Shortly after my return to Strathtilt I went south to Hawick, a pretty spot in the heart of the Border hills, near to where I was looking forward to spending a few days with friends. On my arrival at the little station I discovered that my "*fin de journée*" lay still some nine miles distant. It was late autumn, and a bright, brisk afternoon; having with me "Scot," a favourite deerhound and the companion of many a ramble, I determined to walk.

The bridle-path dipped and climbed and wound about through the mountain chain in a manner as to so greatly increase the distance to be traversed that, after two hours hard walking, I found I had covered barely one-half of the road. The rosy tinge that lit up the highest peaks gave warning of approaching night; the air began to feel chilled, and to my left front I noticed black banks of cloud gathering up. I was not long to remain in doubt. Within half-an-hour I found myself struggling in the teeth of a blinding snowstorm.

The wind, ever increasing in violence, swept and swirled the fast-falling snow and all trace of the hill-path was soon hidden beneath the flying drifts. To return to Hawick was impossible, to push on further began to seem equally so, when, at a point where the path took a sharp turn to the right, lying beneath us I could distinguish a little cluster of farm-cottages and sheds. "Scot," having found the way down, led straight to the outermost cottage of the group; I followed him, glad indeed to have found so opportune a refuge.

My knockings brought to the door a young woman, neat in person and with a pleasant face, though a little sad looking, I thought. On asking if she would be good enough to allow me to take shelter in the house until the storm had somewhat moderated, she smiled, and, placing a finger on her lips, as if to enjoin silence, said in a low voice:

"My sister is ailing, sir, but ye'll no be i' the way; bide here, an' the doggie, as lang as ye're willing. The snaw'll be vera bad, I'm afear'd the nicht."

She stepped aside to let me pass in, and then added,

"Ye'll be wanting something after yir cauld walking."

I thanked her for her kindness and hoped I might not disturb her sister.

Left alone, I proceeded to rid myself of wet wraps and to make a survey of my surroundings. The room was evidently the sitting-room or parlor; around the walls were prints (many really good ones) of the David Wilkie school, and the greater part of the furniture seemed to me—although unaccustomed to noticing such things—as being of a better kind than is usual in such a dwelling. I had often been in the farmers' and crofters' cottages on the western Scottish coast, but none of them had been like this one.

After a few moments of cursory inspection something caught my eye. By the window, on a table decked with a fancy coverlet, was the photograph of a Highlander in full uniform, and



"I stood looking down at the portrait in my hand."

displaying on his breast the bronze Khedival star and the medal for "Egypt, 1882." I caught it up. It could not be—? Yes, it was!—*it was Corporal Sutherland!*

I stood staring down at the portrait in my hand. At that moment my hospitable young hostess returned carrying in a supper-tray. I turned round, and thrust the photograph towards her, and, in my agitation, disregarding the sense of what I was saying, exclaimed, "What's that?"

Again the finger was raised to the lips.

"That's a puir sodgerman, sir," she replied, regarding me with astonishment, "that was kilt i' the war. Ay, puir laddie, an' he was to have been the gudeman o' my sister, here;" pointing aside to the next room.

"Wha's here?" asked a weak voice from that direction, as though of some one suddenly awakened. I did not hear the reply. I had found Margaret Dean and her sister!

I must conclude the recital, leaving it to the reader to fill in the omissions.

It appeared that Margaret, utterly prostrated by the terrible news of the death of her lover and feeling disgraced in the eyes of all who knew her on account of her wrong-doing in having parted with the valuable heirloom for the safe-keeping of which she was responsible, had quitted the home of her people, and had sought to procure in the isolation of a Lowland hill-farm that rest and tranquility which, under old and painful associations, had seemed to her impossible.

Before leaving the neighbourhood of Hawick I was pleased to see Margaret, thanks to the care of her sister, almost recovered from her illness. A few days later they returned together to the old house in Skye.

A. Gordon Tait.



HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP.

BY FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Monsieur Judas," "The Clock Struck One," etc.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Jacob Dix was a pawnbroker in the west end of London, whose gypsy wife had died leaving him a son, Jimmy. As the pawnbroker drew near the end of his life he was absolutely alone in the world, this lad having run away. A runaway gypsy niece of his dead wife came to him one day and asked to be allowed to live with him. The pawnbroker took a fancy to her, trained her in the business, and, when he died, left this Hagar Stanley all his wealth. Hagar advertised for the absent heir, administered the estate, and carried on the business of the pawnshop. Her adventures are to be related, each chapter being a complete story in itself.

VI.—THE FIFTH CUSTOMER AND THE COPPER KEY.

THE several adventures in which she had been engaged begot in Hagar a thirst for the romantic. To find that strange stories were attached to many pawned articles; to ascertain such histories of the past; to follow up their conclusions in the future—these things greatly pleased the girl, and gave her an interest in a somewhat dull life. She began to perceive that there was more romance in modern times than latter-day sceptics are willing to admit. Tropical scenery, ancient inns, ruined castles, are not necessary to create romance. It is of the human heart; of human life; and even in the dingy Lambeth pawnshop it blossomed and bloomed like some rare flower thrusting itself upward betwixt the arid city stones. Romance came daily to the gipsy girl, even in her prosaic business existence.

Out of a giant tooth, an unburied bone, a mighty footprint, Cuvier could reconstruct a marvellous and prehistoric world. In like manner from some trifle upon which she lent money Hagar would deduce tales as fantastic as the Arabian Nights, as adventurous as the story of Gil Blas. Of such sort was the romance engendered by the pawning of the copper key.

The man who pawned it was in appearance like some Eastern image; and the key itself, with its curious workmanship, green with verdigris, might

have served to unlock the tower of Don Roderick. Its owner entered the shop one morning shortly before noon, and at the sight of his wrinkled face and the venerable white beard which swept his breast, Hagar felt that he was a customer out of the common. With a gruff salutation, he threw down a paper parcel, which clanged on the counter.

"Look at that," said he sharply. "I wish to pawn it."

In no wise disturbed by his discourtesy, Hagar opened the package, and found therein a roll of linen; this when unwound revealed a slender copper key of no great size. The wards at the lower end were nearly level with the stem of the key itself, as they consisted merely of five or six prickles of copper encircling at irregular intervals the round stem. The handle, however, was ornate and curious, being shaped like a bishop's crosier, while within the crook of this pastoral staff design the letters "C. R." were interwoven in an elaborate monogram. Altogether, this key—apparently ancient—was a beautiful piece of workmanship, but of no value save to a dealer in rarities. Hagar examined it carefully, shook her head, and tossed it on the counter.

"I wouldn't give you five shillings on it," said she contemptuously; "it is worth nothing."

"Bah, girl! You do not know what you are talking about. Look at the workmanship."

"Very fine, no doubt; but——"

"And the monogram, you blind bat!" interrupted the old man. "'C. R.'—that stands for Carolus Rex."

"Oh," said Hagar, picking up the key again and taking it to the light of the window; "it is an historic key, then?"

"Yes. It is said to be the key of the box in which the First Charles kept the treasonous papers which ultimately cost him his head. Oh, you may look! The key is authentic enough. It has been in the Danetree family for many generations."

"And are you a Danetree?"

"No; I am Luke Parsons, the steward of the family."

"Indeed!" said Hagar with a piercing glance. "Then how comes the key into your possession?"

"I don't recognize your right to ask such questions," said Parsons in an angry tone. "The key came into my possession honestly."

"Very probably; but I should like to know how. Do not get in a rage, Mr. Parsons," added Hagar hastily; "we pawnbrokers have to be very particular, you know."

"I don't know," snapped the customer; "but if your curiosity must be satisfied, the key came to me from my father Mark, a former steward of the Danetrees. It was given to him by the then head of the family some sixty years ago."

"What are all these figures graven on the stem?" asked Hagar, noting a number of hieroglyphic marks.

"Ordinary Arabic numerals," retorted Parsons. "What they mean I know no more than you do. If I did I should be rich," he added to himself.

"Ah! there is some secret connected with these figures," said Hagar, overhearing.

"If there is, you won't find it out," replied the old man ungraciously; "and it is none of your business, anyhow! What you have to do is to lend money on the key."

Hagar hesitated. The article, notwithstanding its workmanship, its age, and its historical associations, was worth very little. Had its interest con-

sisted merely of these, she would not have taken the key in pawn. But the row of mysterious figures decided her. Here was a secret, connected—as was probable from the remark of the old man—with a hidden treasure. Remembering her experience with the cryptogram of the Florentine Dante, Hagar determined to retain the key, and, if possible, to discover the secret.

"If you are really in want of money, I will let you have a pound on it," she said, casting a glance at the threadbare clothes of her customer.

"If I did not need money, I should not have come into your spider's web," he retorted. "A pound will do; make out the ticket in the name of Luke Parsons, The Lodge, Danetree Hall, Buckton, Kent."

In silence Hagar did as she was bid; in silence she gave him ticket and money; and in silence he walked out of the shop. When alone she took up the key, and began to examine the figures without loss of time. The learning of many secrets had created in her a burning desire to learn more. If ingenuity and perseverance could do it, Hagar was bent upon discovering the secret of the copper key.

This mysterious object was so covered with verdigris that she was unable to decipher the marks. With her usual promptness, Hagar got the necessary materials and cleaned the key thoroughly. The figures—those, as Parsons had said, of Arabic numerals—then appeared clearer, and Hagar noted that they extended the whole length of the copper stem. Taking paper and pencil, she copied them out carefully, with the following result:

"20211814115251256205255—H—38518212."

"An odd jumble of figures!" said Hagar, staring at the result of her labours. "I wonder what they mean."

Unversed in the science of unravelling cryptograms, she was unable to answer her own question; and after an hour of profitless investigation, which made her head ache, she numbered the key according to the numeral of the ticket and put it away. But the oddity

of the affair, the strange circumstance of the figures with the letter "H" stranded among them, often made her reflective, and she was devoured by curiosity—that parent of all great discoveries—to know what the key and figures meant. Nevertheless, for all her thought no explanation of the problem presented itself. To her the secret of the key was the secret of the Sphinx—as mysterious as unguessable.

Then it occurred to her that there might be some story, or legend, or tradition attached to this queer key, which might throw some light on the mystery of the figures. If she learnt the story, it was not improbable that she might gain a hint therefrom; and perhaps a fortune. Again, Parsons had spoken of concealed riches connected with the reading of the cipher. To attempt a solution of the problem without knowing the reason for which the figures were engraved was, vulgarly speaking, putting the cart before the horse. Hagar determined that the cart should be in its proper place, viz., at the tail of the horse. In other words, she resolved first to ascertain the legend of the key, and afterwards attempt a reading of the riddle. To get at the truth, it was necessary to see Parsons.

No sooner had Hagar made up her mind to this course than she decided to put it into execution. Leaving Bolker to mind the shop, she went down to Kent—to The Lodge, Buckton, the address which Parsons had given to be written on the ticket. With her she took the key, in case it might be wanted, and shortly after midday she alighted at a tiny rural railway-station.

Oh, it was sweet to be once more in the country, to wander through green lanes o'erarched with bending hazels, to smell the perfume of Kentish orchards, to dance over the springy turf of wide moors golden with gorse! Such a fair expanse was stretched out at the back of the station, and across it—as Hagar was informed by an obliging porter—Danetree Hall was to be found. At the gates thereof, in a pretty and quaint lodge, dwelt surly Mr. Parsons, and thither went Hagar; but

in truth she almost forgot her errand in the delights of the country.

Her gipsy blood sang in her veins as she ran across the greensward, and her heart leaped in her bosom for very lightness. She forgot the weary Lambeth pawnshop; she thought not of Eustace Lorn; she did not let her mind dwell upon the return of Goliath and her subsequent disinheritance; all she knew was that she was a Romany lass, a child of the road, and had entered again into her kingdom. In such a happy vein she saw the red roofs of Danetree Hall rising above the trees of a great park; and almost immediately she arrived at the great iron gates, behind which, on one side of a stately avenue, she espied the lodge wherein dwelt Parsons.

He was sitting outside smoking a pipe, morose even in the golden sunlight, with the scent of flowers in his nostrils, the music of the birds in his ears. On seeing Hagar peering between the bars of the gate he started up and literally rushed towards her.

"Pawnshop girl!" he growled, like an angry bear. "What do you want?"

"Civility in the first place; rest in the second!" retorted Hagar coolly. "Let me in Mr. Parsons. I have come to see you about that copper key."

"You've lost it?" shouted the gruff creature.

"Not I; it's in my pocket. But I wish to know its story."

"Why?" asked Parsons, opening the gates with manifest reluctance.

Without replying Hagar marched past him, into his garden and the porch of his house. Finally she took her seat in the chair Parsons had vacated. The old man seemed rather pleased with her ungracious behaviour, which matched so well with his own; and after closing the gates he came to stare at her brilliant face.

"You're a handsome woman, and a bold one," said he slowly. "Come inside, and tell me why you wish to know the story of the key."

Accepting the invitation with civility, Hagar followed her eccentric host into a prim little parlour, furnished in the

ugly fashion of the early Victorian era. Chairs and sofa were of mahogany and horsehair; a round table, with gilt-edged books lying thereon at regular intervals, occupied the centre of the apartment; and the gilt-framed mirror over the fire-place was swathed in green gauze. Copperplate prints of the Queen and the Prince Consort decorated the crudely-papered walls, and the well-worn carpet was of a dark-green hue, sprinkled with bouquets of red flowers. Altogether a painfully ugly room, which made anyone gifted with artistic aspirations shudder. Hagar, whose eye was trained to beauty, shuddered duly, and then took her seat on the most comfortable of the ugly chairs.

"Why do you want to know the story of the key?" asked Parsons, throwing his bulky figure on the slippery sofa.

"Because I wish to read the riddle of the key."

Parsons started up, and his face grew red with anger. "No, no! You shall not—you must not! Never will I make her rich!"

"Make who rich?" asked Hagar, astonished at this outburst.

"Marion Danetree—the proud hussy! My son loves her, but she disdains him. He is breaking his heart, while she laughs. If that picture were found she would be rich, and despise my poor Frank more."

"The picture? What picture?"

"Why, the one that is hidden," said Parsons in surprise. "The clue to the hiding-place is said to be concealed in the figures on the key. If you find the picture, it will sell for thirty thousand pounds, which would go to that cruel Miss Danetree."

"I don't quite understand," said Hagar, rather bewildered. "Would you mind telling me the story from the beginning?"

"As you please," replied the old man, moodily. "I'll make it as short as I can. Squire Danetree—the grandfather of the present lady, who is the only representative of the family—was very rich, and a friend of George the

Fourth. Like all the Danetrees, he was a scamp, and squandered the property of the family in entertainments during the Regency. He sold all the pictures of the Hall save one, 'The Nativity,' by Andrea del Castagno, a famous Florentine painter of the Renaissance. The King offered thirty thousand pounds for this gem, as he wished to buy it for the nation. Danetree refused, as he had some compunction in robbing his only son, and wished to leave him the picture as the only thing saved out of the wreck. But as time went on, and money became scarce, he determined to sell this last valuable. Then the picture disappeared."

"How did it disappear?"

"My father hid it," replied Parsons, coolly. "It was not known at the time, but the old man confessed on his death-bed that, bent upon saving the family from ruin, he had concealed the picture while Squire Danetree was indulging in his mad orgies in London. When my father confessed, the spendthrift squire was dead, and he wished the son—the present Miss Danetree's father—to possess the picture and to sell it, in order to restore the fortunes of the family."

"Well, did he not tell where the picture was hidden?"

"No; he died when on the point of revealing the secret," said Parsons, "All he could say was 'The key! the key!' Then I guessed that the hiding-place was indicated by the row of figures graven on the stem of the copper key. I tried to decipher the meaning; so did my son; so did Squire Danetree and his daughter. But all to no purpose. None can read the riddle."

"But why did you pawn the key?"

"It wasn't for money, you may be sure!" snapped the old man—"or I should not have taken a paltry pound for it. No, I pawned it to put it beyond my son's reach. He was always poring over it, so I thought he might guess the meaning and find the picture."

"And why not? Don't you want it found?"

Parsons' face assumed a malignant expression. "No?" said he sharply—"for then Frank would be foolish enough to give the picture to Miss Danetree—to the woman who despises him. If you guess the riddle, don't tell him, as I don't want to make the proud jade rich."

"I can't guess the riddle," replied Hagar hopelessly. "Your story does not aid me in the least."

While thus speaking, her eyes wandered to the wall at the back of the glum old steward. Thereon she saw in a frame of black wood one of those hideous samplers which our grandmothers were so fond of working. It was a yellow square, embroidered—or rather stitched—with the alphabet in divers colours, and also an array of numerals up to twenty-six. Hagar idly wondered why the worker had stopped at that particular number; and then she noticed that the row of figures was placed directly under the row of letters. At once the means of reading the key riddle flashed on her brain. The cypher was exceedingly simple. All that had to be done was to substitute letters for the figures. Hagar uttered an ejaculation which roused old Parsons from his musings.

"What's the matter?" said he, turning his head: "what are you looking at, girl? Oh," he added, following her gaze, "that sampler; 'twas done by my mother; a rare hand at needlework she was! But never mind her just now. I want to know about that riddle."

"I can't guess it," said Hagar, keeping her own counsel, for reasons to be revealed hereafter. "Do you wish your key back? I have it here."

"No; I don't want my son to get it, and make that proud wench rich by guessing the riddle. Keep the key till I call for it. What! are you going? Have a drink of milk!"

The offer was hospitably made, but Hagar declined it, as she had no desire to break bread with this malignant old man. Making a curt excuse, she took her leave, and within the hour she was on her way back to London, with a clue to the cypher in her brain. The sam-

pler had revealed the secret; for without doubt it was from his wife's needlework that the Parsons of sixty years before had got the idea of constructing his cryptogram. In the sampler the figures were placed thus:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S			
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19			
T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z				
20	21	22	23	24	25	26				

and Parsons had simply substituted figures for letters. The thing was so plain that Hagar wondered why, with the key-sampler staring him in the face, the steward had not succeeded in reading the riddle.

When back in the shop, she applied her test to the figures on the key, and elucidated the meaning thereof. Then she considered what was the best course to pursue. Clearly it would not be wise to tell Parsons, as he hated Miss Danetree, and if he found the picture through Hagar's aid, he might either hide again or destroy it. Should she inform Miss Danetree herself, or Frank Parsons, the depised lover? After some consideration the girl wrote to the latter, asking him to call on her at the shop. She felt rather a sympathy with his plight, after hearing his father's story, and wished to judge for herself if he was an eligible suitor for Miss Danetree's hand. If she liked him, and found him worthy, Hagar was resolved to tell him how to find the picture, and by doing so aid him to gain the hand of the disdainful beauty. If, on the other hand, she did not care for him, Hagar concluded to reveal her discovery to Miss Danetree herself. Her resolution thus being taken, she waited quietly for the arrival of the steward's son.

When he presented himself, Hagar liked him very much indeed, for three reasons. In the first place, he was handsome—a sure passport to a woman's favour: in the second, he had a fine, frank nature, and a tolerably intelligent brain; in the third, he was

deeply in love with Marion Danetree. This last reason influenced Hagar as much as anything, for she was at a romantic age, and took a deep interest in love and lovers.

"It is most extraordinary that my father should have pawned the key," said Frank, when Hagar had told her story, minus the explanation of the riddle.

"It may be extraordinary, Mr. Parsons, but it is very lucky—for you."

"I don't see it," said Frank, raising his eyebrows. "Why?"

"Why?" echoed Hagar, drawing the key out of her pocket, "because I have found out the secret."

"What! Do you know what that line of figures means?"

"Yes. When I paid my visit to your father, I saw an article in his room which gave me a clue. I worked out the cypher, and now I know where the picture is hidden."

Young Parsons sprang to his feet with glowing eyes. "Where—oh, where?" he almost shouted. "Tell me, quick!"

"For you to tell Miss Danetree, no doubt," said Hagar coolly.

At once his enthusiasm died away, and he sat down with a frown on his face. "What do you know about Miss Danetree?" he asked sharply.

"All that your father could tell me, Mr. Parsons. You love her, but she does not love you; and for that your father hates her."

"I know he does," said the young man, sighing, "and very unjustly. I will be frank with you, Miss Stanley."

"I think it is best for you to be so, as I hold your fate in my hands."

"You hold—fate! What do you mean?"

Hagar shrugged her shoulders in pity at his obtuseness. "Why," she said quietly, "this picture is worth thirty thousand pounds, and Miss Danetree is worth nothing except that ruined Hall. If I tell you where to find that picture, you will be able to restore her fortunes, and make her a comparatively rich woman. Now, you

cannot read the cypher; I can; and so—you see!"

Young Parsons laughed outright at her comprehensive view of the situation, although he blushed a little at the same time, and gave an indignant denial to the hinted motive which prompted Hagar's speech. "I am not a fortune-hunter," he said bluntly; "if I learn the whereabouts of Castagno's 'Nativity,' I shall certainly tell Mar—I mean Miss Danetree. But as for trading on that knowledge to make her marry me against her will, I'd rather die than act so basely!"

"Ah, my dear young man, I am afraid you have no business instincts," said Hagar drily. "I thought you loved the lady."

"You are determined to get at the truth, I see. Yes; I do love her."

"And she loves you?"

Parsons hesitated, and blushed again at this downright questioning. "Yes; I think she does—a little," he said at length.

"H'm! That means she loves you a great deal."

"Well," said the young man slyly, "you are a woman, and should be able to read a woman's character. Don't you think so?"

"Perhaps. But you forget that I have not seen this particular woman—or rather angel, as I suppose you call her."

"You are a queer girl!"

"And you—a love-sick young man!" rejoined Hagar, mimicking his tone.

"But time passes; tell me about your wooing."

"There is little to tell," rejoined Frank dolefully. "My father is, as you know, the steward of the Danetree family, but as they were ruined by the Regency squire, his duties are now light enough. Miss Danetree is the last of the race, and all that remains to her is the Hall, the few acres which surround it, and a small income from the rents of two outlying farms. I was brought up from childhood with Marion—I must call her so, as it is the name which comes easiest to my lips—and I have always loved her. She loves me also."

"Then why will she not marry you?"

"Because she is poor and I am poor. Oh, my position as son of her steward would not stand in the way, could I support her as my wife. But my father always refused to let me learn a profession or a trade, or even to earn my own livelihood, as he desired me to succeed him as the steward of the Danetree property. In the old days the post was a good one; but now it is worth nothing."

"And your father dislikes Miss Danetree?"

"Yes, because he thinks she scorns me—which she does not. But she will not let me tell him the truth until there is a chance of our marriage."

"Well," said Hagar, producing the paper on which was written the line of figures, "I am about to give you that chance. This cypher is quite easy; figures have been substituted for letters—that is all. A is set down as one, B as two, and so on."

"I don't quite understand."

"I will show you. These figures must be divided into numbers, and a letter set over each. Now, the first number is twenty, and the twentieth letter of the alphabet is 'T.' The twenty-first letter is 'U.' Then come the eighteenth and the fourteenth letters. What are they?"

Frank counted, "'R' and 'N,'" he said after a pause. "Ah! I see the first word is TURN—that is turn!"

"Exactly; represented by numbers, 20, 21, 18, 14. Now you understand, so I need not explain further. Here is the cypher written out."

Young Parsons took up the paper and read as follows:

T	u	r	n	k	e	y	l	e	f	t
20	21	18	14	11	5	25	12	5	6	20
e	y	e	8	c	h	e	r	u	b	
5	25	5	H	3	8	5	18	21	2	

"Turn key left eye eighth cherub!" repeated Parsons in puzzled tones. "I have no doubt that you have solved the problem correctly; but I do not know what the sentence means."

"Well," said Hagar rather sharply, "it means, I should think, that in the

left eye of some cherub's head is a key-hole, into which is to be thrust the copper key upon which the figures are engraved. Doubtless, by turning the key the wall will open, and the picture will be discovered."

"What a clever girl you are!" cried Parsons in admiration.

"I use my brains, that is all," said Hagar coolly. "I'm afraid you don't. However, are there a number of sculptured cherubs in Danetree Hall?"

"Yes; there is a room called 'The Cherubs' Room,' from a number of carved heads. How did you guess that there was more than one?"

"Because the letter 'H' corresponds with the figure eight; so no doubt there are more than eight heads. All you have to do is to take this copper key, put it into the left eye of the eighth cherub, and find the picture. Then you can marry Miss Danetree, and the pair of you can live on the thirty thousand pounds. If she is as clever as you, you'll need it all."

Quite impervious to Hagar's irony, Frank Parsons took his leave with many admiring words and protestations of gratitude. When he found the picture he promised to let Hagar know, and to invite her to Danetree Hall to see it. Then he departed, and it was only when she was left alone that Hagar reflected she had not got back the pound lent on the key. But she consoled herself with the reflection that she could demand it when the hidden picture was discovered. Principal and interest were what she required; for Hagar was nothing if not business-like.

That same evening Frank was seated in the prim little parlour with his dour father. He had been up to the Hall, and had proved the truth of Hagar's reading by discovering the picture; also he had seen Marion Danetree, and told her of the good fortune which was coming. She would be able to buy back the lost acres of the family, to restore and refurnish the old house, to take up her position again in the county, and reign once more as the lady of Danetree Hall. All this Frank

told his father, and the old man's brow grew black as night.

"You have made her rich!" he muttered—"that proud girl who looks upon you as dirt beneath her feet."

Frank smiled. He had not told his father the termination of the interview with Marion; nor did he intend to do so at present.

"We'll talk of Marion and her pride to-morrow," he said, rising. "I am going to bed just now; but you know how I discovered the picture, and how it has been restored to the Danetrees as grandfather wished."

When his son left the room Luke Parsons sat with folded hands and a dull pain in his heart. It was gall and wormwood to him that the woman who rejected Frank should acquire wealth and regain her position, through the aid of the man she despised. Oh, if he could only hide the picture, or even destroy it!—anything rather than that proud Marion Danetree should be placed on an eminence to look down on this bright boy. To rob her of this newly-found wealth—to take away the picture—Parsons felt that he would commit even a crime.

And why should he not? Frank had left the key on the table—the copper key which was to be placed in the left eye of the cherub. Parsons knew well enough how the key was to be used; how his father had designed the hiding-place of the Castagno picture. The lock and key which had belonged to the First Charles had been given to the old man by his master. He had placed the first behind the cherub, with the keyhole in the left eye, so as to keep the panel or portion of the wall in its place; and on the second he had graven the numbers indicating the locality. Parsons rose to his feet and stretched out his hand for the copper key. When he touched it, all his scruples vanished. He made up his mind then and there to go up that night to the Hall and destroy the picture. Then Marion Danetree would no longer be rich, or benefit by the secret which Frank had discovered. It will be seen that Mr. Parsons never thought of

Hagar's share in the reading of the cypher.

As steward he had keys of all the doors in the Hall, and was able easily to gain admission at whatever hour he chose. He chose to enter now, and with a lantern in his hand, and a clasp-knife hidden in his pocket, he went on his errand of destruction. Unlocking a small side door under the great terrace, he passed along the dark underground passages, ascended to the upper floor, and in a short space of time he found himself in "The Cherubs' Room."

It was a large and lofty apartment, panelled with oak darkened by time and carved with fruit and flowers and foliage after the mode of Grinling Gibbons. Between each panel there was a beautifully-carven cherub's head, with curly hair, and wings placed cross-wise under the chin. The moonlight streaming in through the wide and uncurtained windows showed all these things clearly to the wild eyes of the old man; and he made haste to fulfil his task before the moon should set and leave him in darkness. Swinging the lantern so that its yellow light should illuminate the walls, Parsons counted the cherubs' heads between the panels, starting from the door, and was rewarded by finding the one he sought. The left eye of this face was pierced, and into it he inserted the slender copper stem of the key. There was a cracking sound as he turned it, and then the whole of the panel swung outward to the left. On the back of this he beheld the picture of Andrea del Castagno. The sight of it was so unexpected that he started back with a cry, and let fall the lantern, which was immediately extinguished. However, this mattered little, as he had ample light in the rays of the summer moon. In the white radiance he relighted his candle, and then betwixt the yellow glare of the one and the chill glimmer of the other, he examined the gem of art which, in the interests of mistaken pride, he proposed to destroy. It was beautiful beyond description.

Under a lowly roof of thatched straw

lay the Divine Child, stretching up His little hands to the Holy Mother. With arms crossed upon her breast in ecstatic adoration, Mary bent over Him worshipping; and in the dim obscurity of the humble dwelling could be seen the tall form and reverend head of Joseph. Above spread the dark blue of the night sky, broken by golden dashes of colour, in which were seen the majestic forms of wide-winged angels looking earthward. At the top of the picture there was a blaze of light radiating from the Godhead, and in the arrowy beam streaming downward floated the white spectre of the Holy Dove. The marvellous beauty of the picture lay in the dispersion and disposition of the various lights; that mild lustre which emanated from the Form of the Child, the aureole hovering round the bowed head of Mary; the glory of the golden atmosphere surrounding the angels; and, highest and most wonderful of all, the fierce white light which showered down, blinding and terrible, from the unseen Deity. The picture was majestic, sublime; a dream of lovely piety, a masterpiece of art.

For the moment Parsons was spell-bound before this wonderful creation which he intended to destroy. Almost he was tempted to forego his evil purpose, and to spare the beautiful vision which spread itself so gloriously before him. But the thought of Marion and her scorn, of Frank and his hopeless love, decided him. With a look of hatred he opened the knife, and raised the blade to slash the picture.

"Stop!"

With a cry, Parsons dropped the knife and wheeled round at that imperious command. At the further end of the room, candle in hand, stood the tall form of a woman. She wore a dressing-gown thrown hastily over her shoulders; her hair was loose, her feet were bare, and she approached the steward noiselessly and swiftly. It was Marion Danetree, and her eyes were full of anger.

"What are you doing here at this time of the night?" she demanded hastily of the sullen old man. "I heard a cry and the noise of a fall, and I came down."

"I want to spoil that picture," said Parsons between his teeth.

"Destroy Castagno's 'Nativity'? Take away my only chance of restoring the family fortunes? You are mad!"

"No; I am Frank's father. You despise him; you hate him. Through him you have found the picture; but now—" He picked up the knife again.

"Wait a moment!" said Marion, comprehending Parsons' motives; "if you destroy that picture, you prevent my marriage with Frank."

"What!"—the knife crashed on the floor—"are you going to marry my boy?"

"Yes. Did not Frank tell you? When we discovered the picture together this afternoon, he asked me to be his wife. I consented only too gladly."

"But—but I thought you despised him!"

"Despise him? I love him better than all the world! Go away, Mr. Parsons, and thank God that He sent me to prevent you committing a crime. I shall bring that picture to Frank as my dowry. He shall take my name, and there will once more be a Squire Danetree at the Hall."

"O, Miss Danetree—Marion—forgive me!" cried Parsons, quite broken down.

"I forgive you; it was love for Frank made you think of this folly. But go—go! it is not seemly that you should be here at this hour of the night."

Parsons closed up the panel in silence, locked it, and turned to go. But as he passed he held out his hand.

"What is this?" asked Marion, smiling.

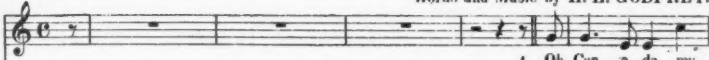
"My gift to you—my marriage gift—the copper key which has brought you a husband and a fortune."


(To be Continued.)

THE LAND OF THE MAPLE.

Patriotic Song.

Words and Music by H. H. GODFREY.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

1. Oh Can - a - da, my
2. Oh Can - a - da, dear
3. In Can - a - da, dear

Can - a - da my thought is all of thee, thy moun-tain chains and smil-ing plains that
Can - a - da none can com-pare with thee; 'neath sun - ny skies the Earth re-plies and
Can - a - da all dwell in un-i - ty The Sax-on, Gaul and Celt a-gree with

stretch from sea to sea, The sun-light gleams on morn-ing streams and sweetest mel-o -
laughs with har-vest glee; Thy win-ters cheer with air so clear but best of all to
Scots to keep us free. Though we be four, yet are we one if dan-gar chance to

dy me, pours from the feather-ed song-sters in the spread-ing map-le tree.
he, the sun-mer and the sun-shine and the spread-ing map-le tree.
We'll bold-ly fight and stand for right be-neath the map-le tree.

Note.—This copyright song, published by permission of the author, is rapidly becoming popular all over Canada. "The Maple Leaf Forever," which had so many years the start of it, is being rapidly overhauled in the race for popularity. Mr. Muir's song possessed, perhaps, less art than this song, but it struck a chord which no previous song had ever touched, and which must have influenced Mr. Godfrey to attempt something better. Both songs are successful

*) Note: The word "Lis" is the French word for Lily and is pronounced "Lee."

Chorus.

Oh the land of the ma-ple is the land for me, the land of the

stal - wart the brave and the free the Rose and the This-tle, the

Sham - rock and "Lis"*) all bloom in one gar-den 'neath the ma - ple tree.

because they have touched the heart of a patriotic people. Both stir the blood, and both deserve to be familiar to every citizen of the country. Mr. Godfrey is a citizen of Toronto, and the author of numerous songs and instrumental compositions which have won him profit and fame. There is no doubt that, besides being a thoroughly patriotic citizen, he is a poet in the broadest sense of the term.

A CANADIAN IDYLL.

"Life, I repeat, is energy of love,
Divine or human, exercised in pain,
In strife and tribulation, and ordained,
If so approved and sanctified, to pass,
Through shades and silent rest, to endless
joy."

"FEELINGS! they haven't any.

Those animals eat, sleep, breed and die, but never think or suffer mentally. No, my dear, from this distance the old creature is perhaps picturesque, but nearer—Nurse, Master John's coat. This spring air is deceptive." And the great lady of the district smiled contemptuously as she swept past the half-breed's cabin.

Faded eyes followed the flashing carriage. They had rested deferentially on the proud, gray-haired grandmother, admiringly on the fair English girl beside her, but very tenderly on the baby sailor opposite them, an orphan like his own dear Manny, another autumn flower given by the good God to a lonely old body.

The evening breeze rustled among the leaves,—silly, giggling things that summer heat would steady. The setting sun bathed the landscape with loving gentleness, turning the thousand hillside spring-streams to golden filagree. High from the hilltop the old church windows glittered through the lace-like locusts, and with each ripple of air came the scent of wild plum blossom, the bleating of young lambs from the farther shore, and the measured thud, thud of distant paddle wheels.

"Guess this a'most equals Heaven, Manny," says the old man, seated on the bench beneath the cabin window. "S'pose purty soon I'll be a'findin' out. You won't, not fur years an' years. T'aint often as early frosts nip our buds, on th' south slope of th' hill. Reckon I'm your hill, ain't I Manny?"

The curly golden head bobbed solemn acquiescence, and the blue eyes, filled with childhood's unquestioning faith, rested adoringly on the furrowed, sweetly lined face.

"Did you see 'em pass t'-night with the stranger lady, Manny? The little 'un looked kinder peaked—hope he ain't a' sickenin' fur that blame fever the town's a' full of. Say, sun's gone, boy, go put yer chicks in."

With all his loving old heart in his eyes he watched the lithe wee figure disappear among the fragrant currant bushes, then leaned his white head far back on the window-ledge, contentedly looking into the neutral dome, far, far above him. "All up there but Manny an' me," he thought. "Wonder why they came fur sech a short time. S'pose to make it feel real like a' goin' home—it's mighty queer."

Pattering bare feet came around the log house, and the sound of a grief-laden baby voice. "Ganp, two chuckies is deaded and mudder chuckies a' standin' an' a' standin' jest lookin' at 'em."

All the land in flowery squares,
Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind,
Smelt of the coming summer.

On the following morning the old man rose before sunrise and softly crept from the sleeping-room, noiselessly unlatched the door, and lighted the fire in the small stove standing—rural Canadian fashion—outside the kitchen entrance. As the maple sticks burned well and the clean, sweet-scented smoke rose high over the round tree tops, the old man raised from the cool depths of the moss-mouthed well a bucket, containing butter, creamy milk and a chicken, deftly trussed and golden from corn feeding.

With many a wag of the snow white head and soulful chuckle these were carried indoors. Soon the fowl was brought forth, its puffy little bosom modestly crossed by a "fichu" of salted pork, and consigned to the oven. Then again into the cabin went the busy old man, where wonderful preparations went rapidly forward. At

last, as the sun showed well over the hill, all was ready and the happy worker passed in and awakened the sleeping boy.

"Wake up, Manny! Wake up, my button, 'tis yer birthday, boy, and neighbour Morton lifts us to th' high woods on his way to Belltown. Say, won't we just hev a time! We'll hev our dinner to th' woods and meet good neighbour to the berry corner on his way home at evenin'."

Oh, the joyous excitement! The wonderful drive, with glimpses of Sapphire Bay, the laughter at weak-legged calves who would stand in the road in spite of Manny's shouts—and then the feathery woods, deep with indefinite spring distance. How quickly they slipped between the silver grey rails of the old snake-fence and plunged into the quivering green depths! Banks of white, of palest pink, hazy intangible blue and purest gold on every side! How Manny's short brown legs and little bare feet tossed about the hearts of the wild ileetra—how gaily he shook hands with the tender, tight closed fists of ferns thrust up through the rich black mould, while from above came the throbbing love songs of birds, mad with the joy of living, drunken with Spring delight!

How the morning flew! Then when the sun cast an eastern shadow came the great moment. Manny's wide blue eyes grew even wider—his tender, dewy lips fell apart with amazement—for was there ever such a feast? Afterwards came his rest. Under the shaking fringes of a Canadian maple, upon a luxurious bed of springy moss, softly slept the backwoods Cupid, watched by the old man, until weary eyelids drooped, the corn-cob pipe fell from contentedly smiling lips, and happiness and peace reigned supreme.

"For all things having life, sometime have quiet rest."

Four days have passed, and without the cabin all is strangely silent.

Within sits a bent old man, agony in his eyes, white faced with grief and anxiety, as he eagerly looks into the burning cherub face he holds so near his heart. The short, sharp breaths grow fainter, as despairingly the heartbroken watcher waits for the deep curved lids to lift.

"Jest once, Manny love, look at yer old Ganp—fer he loves yer so—an' yer leavin' him alone, boy. Take me too, God dear, he's sech a little 'un to go alone."

But never again on earth does he hear the baby'treble or look into the deep blue eyes, for, as the old man bends downward, a strand of Manny's golden hair falls gently on the fever-darkened lips and remains—motionless.

At sunset the old figure takes its customary place on the bench beneath the window. Unknowing, tearless eyes stare into the western sea of gold, higher into clear sheets of chrysophrase—still higher, and backward into meshes of rosy cloud, that throw a faint glory upon the stricken face. The lazy breeze stirs the heavy leaves of a balsam with a sound of pattering feet, a beautiful smile comes to those tight-drawn lips—

"Sun's gone, Manny, put yer chicks in, boy, and then—we'll rest—Manny, —we'll—"

The wind freshens, the apple blossoms fall in scented showers through the open window; lovingly they drift on a still child's face, on the sill in masses, and mingle with the touch of baby fingers on those still smiling old lips,—for God thought Manny "sech a little 'un to go alone."

Jane Fayer Taylor



BELLAMY'S BLUNDERS.

A Review of "Equality."

IF Bellamy cannot give us new heavens, he would give us a new earth; and if faith can remove mountains, he ought to succeed, for his creed and theories are to him "yea and amen."

The beautiful dream and large promise of Bellamy's first book, "Looking Backward," won for it many enthusiastic readers, who imagined that its author had discovered the social elixir or the philosopher's stone which would work for the healing of the nations.

Nor was the dream so unreasonable that it should be laughed out of court; for the changes that Bellamy predicts for the next hundred years are perhaps not more wonderful than the achievements and inventions of the last hundred years. Who, a century ago, would have had the temerity to predict the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone and the other thousand marvels which have become the common matters of everyday life? Science, in the domain of physics, has wrought wonders, and when once science enters into the domain of social relationships, it is quite possible that we may see changes as great in our economic conditions as the change from the old stage coach to the modern express.

It is not to Bellamy's dream that we ought to object, but to his philosophy. In his descriptions of our present social injustices he is strong; but when he comes to the work of construction, to the methods of reform, then he is weak.

In his new book, "Equality," he carries on the allegory of Julian West, Doctor Leet and his fair daughter, Edith, and he endeavours to show how the world is to rise to a vastly higher plane of civilization in which there is to be abundance, if not affluence, for every one.

That we have not yet succeeded in working out an ideally perfect social

system is only too clearly evidenced in the condition of any of our large cities, the larger the better for the purpose of our illustration. The luxury of the palace has its terrible background in the ghastliness of the slums. All this Bellamy describes with colours deep and illustrations vivid. When he shows that society is divided into two parts, those who have secured a seat on the coach and those who must pull at the traces, no objection can be taken to the correctness of the description.

To rectify this wrong Bellamy proposes heroic remedies; he would make the State supreme in everything. He would give the Government charge of all the machinery of production and exchange, and then he would have everyone receive an equal reward.

IS LIFE THE BASIS OF PROPERTY?

To justify this method of production and distribution, Bellamy assumes that life is the basis of property. But, in making this assumption, he overlooks the fact that property is of two utterly different species; firstly, there are the natural resources, the sunlight, the atmosphere, the land and water, the minerals and the other raw materials which man never produced and on which he has never expended any labour; and, secondly, the houses, the clothing, the food and other forms of wealth, the finished articles, that have been produced by industry.

As to the first species, the earth with all its potentialities, this is the gift of the Creator, furnished to man to be his home and the source whence he must draw his nourishment and the other materials necessary for his subsistence and enjoyment. So far as these natural gifts are concerned, the doctrine of Bellamy is unquestionably correct; here life is the basis of property. There can be fraternity only

where there is equality of opportunity, equality of access to the natural gifts of the Creator. If we permit one set of men to say to their fellows, "You can have access to the natural sources of wealth only by our permission and by paying us for the privilege," then we at once separate humanity into two classes, the privileged and the unprivileged; we divide humanity into masters and servants.

But, as to the second species of wealth, when a man has raised a crop, built himself a hut or trapped an animal, does he violate any principle of justice if he says, "These things are mine?" He has in no way prevented any other man securing for himself the same rewards. And if by superior skill or energy he makes for himself a more commodious house or more comfortable garments, is there any violation of the equities if he retains these for his exclusive enjoyment?

Do not the moral instincts at once approve the doctrine that when any man by his labour has added value to raw material, he has established an indefeasible right of property in that value? In this case labour, and not life, is the basis of property.

This distinction between the two species of property, namely, that which is furnished by the Creator and that which is produced by labour, Bellamy ignores. As to the gifts of the Creator, as to access to the natural opportunities, there should be equality, but as to the distribution of the products of industry, there should be equity,—to each according to his work. Bellamy would have equality in both cases.

BELLAMY AND THE CAPITALIST.

The great object of Bellamy's condemnation is the capitalist. But he never seems to notice that there are at least two ways in which a man may become a capitalist. When James Watt gave to the world the steam engine, he enriched his fellows far more than he enriched himself. The fact that he utilized steam, in no way prevented others from using the same force. When he became a capitalist,

it was by furnishing knowledge whereby every other man, by the exercise of ordinary industry, should have become a capitalist also. But when some men secured control of all the valuable land, the mines and the forests of this continent, and when increased population gave to these natural opportunities enormous value, this enabled these owners to take from the labouring portion of the community the product of their industry, and thus become capitalists.

This distinction between the method of acquiring capital by honestly producing it, and the method of appropriating the product of other men's industry by means of some undue advantage, Bellamy never notices.

This oversight arises from the fact that he fails to recognize, as he should recognize, the polar difference between the value that is due to individual industry and the value which comes to the land from the conjoint presence of the community. An individual erects a house; if population centres around that locality, then as the house becomes old and its value declines the land grows dearer and dearer, till in a metropolis like New York it rises in value to the enormous figure of upwards of ten million dollars per acre. The first value, that of the house, was due to the industry of the individual, and was, therefore, by right the capital of the individual; but the second value was due to the presence of the community and to public improvements, and, therefore, belongs of right to the community. This value of land is called by economists the Unearned Increment.

As population increases in any locality there must come two distinct movements. On the one hand labour increases the number of houses and the quantity of goods; on the other hand, the increase of population produces an increased scarcity of land; and the amount available for each must necessarily be less. The first movement is towards greater abundance; but it is also much more than this; for when a vast number of toilers work in

concert, the productive power of each man is vastly increased. Bellamy assumes that a man thus working in co-operation with his fellows can produce somewhere about two hundred times as much as if he were working in isolation. This increased production Bellamy calls the Social Fund, and he teaches that this is the same as the Unearned Increment in the value of the land. How a man who professes to be a teacher in economics can thus confound an abundance of goods caused by the industry of a number of individuals with an increased value of land, caused by an increase in population, is somewhat puzzling to understand.

Because men, thus co-operating in vast numbers, can produce so much more than when working in isolation, therefore Bellamy teaches that the reward of each toiler should be equal. He thus leaves us to infer that he would give no greater reward to a Watt or an Edison, who with energy and skill develop a steam engine or a dynamo than he would give to another man who devotes the energies of his leisure hours to no higher pursuit than the blackening of a cutty pipe or the shuffling of a pack of cards.

AN EQUAL DIVISION OF WEALTH.

Bellamy insists strenuously on an equal division of wealth, and he teaches that if we do not secure this equal division, then the men of greater wealth endanger the lives and liberties of those of less wealth. But here, again, he overlooks the two uses to which wealth can be applied; or, it might be better to say, the use and the abuse of wealth. A man may use his wealth employing labour to produce still further wealth, and thus add to the prosperity of the nation; or, he may use his means to hold land in idleness, where it is much needed, con-

tiguous to some large city. This is the misuse of wealth. While industry is turning the desert into a garden, this man is turning a garden into a desert. Let industry gather round that land, and the so-called owner can either sell at a profit, or he may lease it for an income. The first use of wealth is beneficent and adds to the prosperity of the community; but the second is injurious, striving to gain wealth without producing wealth, to gain unearned profit by the impoverishment of the producer.

So long as we hold out the hope of unearned profits to be grasped by individuals, we induce men to use their wealth injuriously to their fellows, and this inducement they will generally follow without asking any questions as to its evil effects. We thus lead men into relationships injurious and antagonistic.

Nothing is easier than the rectification of this wrong. Let us once learn to distinguish the right use of wealth from that which is injurious, and then so adjust our taxes as to encourage the beneficent and to take away all hope of profit from the injurious, and with this simple adjustment we will prevent any man using his wealth to the injury of his fellows. By thus avoiding the taxation of labour products, by thus removing all inducements to hold the natural resources out of use, we would at once change the relationships of men to each other. Natural agencies now held, on an enormous scale, in idleness would at once be called into activity. The wilderness that now surrounds every growing city would no longer be held unused, with the hope of unearned gain; but would be soon covered with suburban villas, market gardens or would otherwise be put to some beneficent purpose.

W. A. Douglas.



CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

THOSE who form an opinion of English affairs from the cables in the daily press hear little of discussions and controversies which indicate the real trend of policy and thought in England. The reports of the speeches of prominent English public men are rarely transmitted in full to this continent. Important letters to the London papers are seldom seen here. Except for the minority who subscribe to them, the principal newspapers, termed in England the provincial press—incomparably the most intelligent and soberly-conducted in the world—are, practically, an unknown factor in Canada. The writer of these paragraphs claims no special inspiration in recording British events, since any one who has the time may investigate for himself.

For example, how are we to ascertain the progress made by an Imperial trade arrangement in English opinion to-day? Mr. Chamberlain has been dangling some tentative proposals before the people for a year or two. But with this exception and the infrequent utterances of a few other public men, what other evidence have we? The answer is, that nearly all the leading members of the dominant party are lukewarm advocates of the system of free imports as a theory. Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister, is an avowed protectionist. So is Mr. Chaplin, the President of the Local Government Board. The Duke of Devonshire sufficiently indicated his position in the famous Liverpool speech last June, and with him we may safely class other members of the landowning aristocracy—Lord Lansdowne, Lord George Hamilton, the Duke of Norfolk. Mr. Balfour is likewise frankly heretical regarding the gods of the Hebrew money-lenders and the economic theorists. Among the Unionist leaders who

adhere nominally to the free-trade theory may be placed Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, a Tory squire, Lord James of Hereford, an old Liberal, and Mr. Goschen, whose talents are given over to sound finance. But most of the powerful elements in the Ministry are in the hands of the Philistines, who recognize that there is a wide difference between free trade and free imports. Some day the distinction between them will be drawn. Mr. Chamberlain, who is in closer touch with the workingmen and the commercial classes than any of his colleagues, is drawing the distinction already. When Cobden framed the reciprocity treaty with France he endured with equanimity the anathemas of the advanced freetraders, because he was a statesman and not a faddist. To-day in England a change in commercial policy is possible, if it can be justified as necessary, and the clear-sighted editor of the *Toronto Globe*, Mr. Willison, after some personal investigation, has had this conclusion forced upon him, just as it has been forced upon other freetraders. Sentiment will be a factor, but not a determining factor. Commercial interest alone will decide the question.

On the other hand, the leaders of the Liberal party cling to the existing policy. Lord Rosebery, educated in the old school and without any special qualification for ascertaining the views of the working classes, has just deified free trade at Manchester. Sir William Harcourt, whom party exigencies can convert to any policy, has renewed his vows and proved to demonstration that Colonial greatness was founded by the grant of self-government to the colonies, and argues, inferentially, that when you have done that you have done all. The other strong men among the Liberals, Mr. Asquith, Sir Henry Fowler and Mr. John Morley,

are freetraders. When the day of battle comes the two parties will be found ranged on opposite sides, which is, after all, the very best guarantee that the question will be sifted thoroughly and decided on its merits. To rush the country into a new commercial policy by the alarm felt through foreign competition and trade depression, as Mr. Gladstone carried his Home Rule bill in the House of Commons in defiance of the sentiment of the "predominant partner," is the kind of victory no friend of Imperial preferential trade desires, since it would insure no permanent settlement of the question.

The coming session of the Imperial Parliament will be an Irish and army reform session. Mr. Balfour's statement about the proposed measure of Irish County Government, which he made to Parliament just before the Jubilee, has not since been amplified. The basis of the bill is to throw a certain proportion of the present local taxation upon the Imperial Exchequer, and enable the new taxation to be devoted to local interests. It is a common impression that Ireland's representatives at Westminster are by no means the flower of her capacity for government, and that under the new measure the most intelligent, prosperous and enterprising of her people will be drawn into taking an active part in public affairs. The addition to the army will mean more money, but the present temper of public opinion will probably consent to that. It is in the remodelling of army administration that controversy will arise, and the critics who want reforms in the War Office appear apprehensive that the Government do not intend to go far enough. Increase in the strength of the army meets with no serious opposition, since the land forces of Great Britain pale into insignificance beside the immense armaments of the continental Powers. Voluntary enlistment will remain as the basis, and some expedient other than compulsory service will be adopted to swell the ranks. The war

on the Indian frontier will come up for discussion. The campaign is over for the winter, and the policy that prompted it must now run the gauntlet of Parliamentary discussion. This has already been the subject of some acrimonious controversy in speeches and in letters to the press. The charge that the proclamation of the Indian Government to the northern tribes was violated by the recent war is a serious indictment of the authorities both in India and at home. There was, it seems clear, a change of policy when Lord Rosebery's Ministry went out in 1895 and Lord Salisbury's came in. Mr. Fowler, the Secretary for India, had declined to approve of the "forward policy" suggested by the Viceroy, Lord Elgin, and his Council. He did not, it seems, except in a private communication, assign as a reason for objecting that the forward movement was a violation of pledges to the tribes. He gave other reasons in the official despatches, and upon these, the Conservative Ministers contend, the episode must be judged. There are probably weighty reasons of State in addition to those already given why the movement of troops took place, and some day the whole story will be told. Lord Elgin is a Liberal and an appointee of Mr. Gladstone, not likely to be easily imbued with Jingoistic views of a "scientific frontier," which was the cant phrase in Lord Beaconsfield's time. The men on the spot should know best.

Violent as the war of factions and races in Austria seems to be, it is confined to one kingdom in the dual monarchy. When the joint arrangements regarding finance and foreign policy now maintained by Austria and Hungary become the subject of conflict, then we may look out for squalls. Spain, too, is drifting steadily along a dangerous line, and failure to secure quiet in Cuba would go far to precipitate revolution at home. These are future possibilities rather than present conditions, and the recent event of note in continental policy is not Germany's taking posses-

sion of Kiao-chau, in China, but the apparent willingness of the other Powers that she should make for herself a permanent lodgment there. The Emperor in sending his brother, Prince Henry, to take charge of the naval forces at the China coast, delivered another of those grandiloquent harangues which to the foreign mind suggest rhodomontade more than anything else. The design may be to illustrate the need of increased naval strength, thus to force consent from the Reichstag to a fresh burden of taxation. A nation like Germany, which rapidly grows rich from expanding commerce, is apt to swallow a great many costly measures if the policy appears to promise still further expansion. The Emperor, seeing this, is not nearly so big a fool as his critics are fond of saying.

Not a little of this development of German trade is due to a pugnacious national spirit. In this way: the treaty with the Zollverein, which Great Britain terminated the other day at the request of her colonies, gave her the entree on the favoured nation basis, to a large area of freer commerce of which Germany was the centre. In 1891, by an aggressive policy, the German Empire made commercial treaties with her allies in the military alliance, Austria-Hungary and Italy, with Belgium and with Switzerland. Russia stood aloof, and a sharp war of reprisals was begun by the German Empire, until, in 1894, Russia capitulated and came in. It is far from certain that the British treaty now terminated will be renewed minus the clause that prevented the colonies giving British goods a preference in their markets. The German traders may desire it because they appreciate the English market. But the merchants and the landed interests are not supreme, and the bulk of the manufacturers may dictate a refusal to renew. That remains to be seen. But any course that is finally taken may be confidently relied upon to do the very best that can be done for German commerce, regardless of international relations.

For Germany, in commercial policy, is pursuing in Europe a course perceptibly similar to that of the United States on this continent,—buttressing vested interests at home with a tariff so high that they become a truculent force in the politics of the country.

A question that the critics all admit to be worthy of grave consideration, but which they omit to tackle seriously, is that of the food supply of England in time of war. Comparatively speaking, the question is new. Last year a book dealing with it appeared in England, by Mr. R. B. Marston. A debate in Parliament, raised on a motion of Mr. Seton-Karr, took place last spring, and after a soothing official reply, an assurance was given that an inquiry would be made by the proper authorities. A vigorous reminder of the pressing nature of the problem appeared last month in the *Nineteenth Century* from the pen of Colonel Denison, President of the British Empire League in Canada, and has aroused a great deal of attention both in England and in this country. A summary of Col. Denison's article appears elsewhere in this issue. A point of concern to us is the manner in which the English critics are disposed to greet the "warning voice of the foreboding patriot." The idea that in case of a war with Russia the United States would join in proclaiming an embargo upon food, and thus starve England into subjection, is rejected as impossible. The London *Spectator*, for instance, is willing enough to believe in the unfriendliness: "Americans might like to thrash us as a gratification to their pride, or in payment of long-standing grudges, but that America should wish to see us beaten by Russia is inconceivable." Almost any unprejudiced observer will declare that if the *Spectator's* opening hypothesis be correct, its conclusion is impotently lame. In Canada the prevailing impression is that, however friendly the masses of the people in the States are to England and Canada, the men at Washington

who frame policy are not actuated by such motives. The tariffs, the proclamations and treaties which have emanated from Washington are certainly not conducive to good relations. In this respect they may simply be the peculiar policy of men who dissemble their loves. If so, the Washington Government is the best friend of the British Empire, and in case of war, instead of supporting the traditional ally of the United States, Russia, would turn in and lend a hand to England. The upholders of this view ought to be heard from, since they, doubtless, possess the key to a great mystery.

Mr. Cremer, formerly a member of the British Parliament, has once more visited this continent on his mission of peace, that is, to promote an Anglo-American arbitration treaty. The treaty which failed to secure the requisite majority in the Senate was a meaningless document. It had been stripped of many of its original provisions, and if passed would have been little more than an academic expression of opinion, interesting as a matter of sentiment but scarcely effective.

President McKinley's message to Congress has been pronounced a tame affair. It was not brilliant, but brilliant messages are not conducive to second terms. Time has not yet justified the extra session of last year and the tariff it produced. The revenue continues to fall behind. Until events have smoothed out these difficulties Mr. McKinley is wise in not being sensational. He seems to be a well-meaning man, proud of his country and anxious to do his best to serve it. How he may ultimately act in international affairs, if successfully pushed from behind by noisy demagogues, cannot be foreseen. There never was a more well-meaning President than Madison, yet he failed to stave off a cruel and useless war. The Cuban rebellion may yet produce an unfortunate

conflict, although, considering all things, the United States have shown a good deal of forbearance and have exercised not a little patience toward the flagrant misrule of Spain. The Hawaiian annexation treaty hangs fire, but it will pass if only moral or constitutional maxims continue to be preached against it. The force that might kill it would be the alarm of the sugar interests.

The negotiations at Washington between Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the delegates of the President have, according to the preliminary documents that have been published, broken down. Mr. Foster, the agent of the State Department, pleaded for the suspension of sealing in the high seas as a "neighbourly act." The explicit declarations of the Court of International Arbitration at Paris render the expression irrelevant. Canadians have the privilege of taking seals on the ocean, and any Government, not a tyranny, would find it a bold step to forbid them. The United States offer no adequate price for the grant of a monopoly of sealing.

The damages agreed upon for illegal seizures of past years are still unpaid. The Canadian Premier has simply fallen back upon the accepted policy of all Canadian negotiations (except one)—a cheerful willingness to concede the half of a disputed case but not the whole. The one exception was Sir John Macdonald, who, sorely against his will, and with several spineless English negotiators at his elbow, was forced to concede more than he and his country thought ought to have been conceded. With this example as a guidance, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has patiently, and with the most elaborate courtesy, declined to give way. If he had not, his chances of finding a Parliament and a country behind him would have been slim. England has desisted, of late years, from pressing unwelcome treaties upon Canada. Why she has done so might prove a profitable subject of consideration for agents of the Washington Government like Mr. Foster.

A. H. U. Colquhoun.



BY THE EDITOR.

CANADA'S TRADE POLICY.

ONE of the most important of recent public utterances is the speech delivered by the Hon. G. W. Ross before the Toronto branch of the British Empire League, on the evening of December 4th. He pointed out that during 1897, so far as the British Empire is concerned, the "splendid isolation" had been supplanted by a "Splendid Imperialism," and, as one result, every Canadian "has come to feel that to recognize the Sovereign of the United Kingdom as his Sovereign is the highest destiny to which he can aspire, and to wear the badge of British citizenship is the highest distinction to which he could attain."

He pointed out that

"A relationship strengthened by preference as well as by sentiment is stronger and more likely to continue than a relationship resting on sentiment alone. Even, although such preference conveys but trifling disadvantages, the good-will which it represents gives it an incalculable value in cementing the bonds of friendship between peoples and nations."

Among the results flowing from the preference given to British goods in the Canadian market by Canada's recent tariff were (1) a quieting of the restlessness as to the future of Canada, by showing that, in the opinion of her present rulers, her greatest liberties would be best secured by remaining a part of the Empire; (2) a greater feeling of confidence in ourselves, and a growing conviction that Canada would ultimately be a great national Power;

(3) a more rapid development of Canadian commerce, by settling the market towards the exploiting of which we should bend our energies.

After further explaining why Canada might reasonably hope for an ultimate preference in the British market, the honourable gentleman went on to consider the question of reciprocity with the United States. He believed the negotiation of a new treaty would be inadvisable in some ways, because it might foster a spirit of dependence on the United States; its threatened appeal might cause considerable trouble to Canada; it would divert traffic from our to-the-coast railways in favour of United States lines; a market based on a treaty is but temporary; and trade follows the flag, and British subjects follow British trade.

This speech of the Hon. Mr. Ross created considerable comment, because it was made by a man who is a prominent Liberal, a leading member of a party that has long been accused, justly or unjustly, of preferring American to British trade. His remarks have apparently given great satisfaction to thinking men of both parties.

GREAT BRITAIN'S FOOD SUPPLY.

In the December *Nineteenth Century* Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison has an able article on "The Present Situation of England: A Canadian Impression." He justifies his giving advice to England in these words:

"But the British Empire is our Empire, as it is the Empire of every part; and we are as much interested in the safety of the heart of it as is any portion, and we have the right to urge that England shall take steps to make her condition safe."

He points out that while Great Britain was wise in adopting a Free Trade Policy at the time when Cobden and Bright advocated it, yet the high taxes imposed at the present time upon British exports to foreign countries demand that the policy be modified. The present apparent prosperity of the United Kingdom is due to the manufacture of warships, but if this were stopped or lessened the real condition would appear. The imports have increased from 371,287,372*l* in 1873 to 441,807,335*l* in 1896, while in the same period the exports have decreased from 255,164,603*l* to 239,922,209*l*. This proves that the people of Great Britain are buying more and selling less, even with an increased population. To make this worse, the exporter must sell at very close prices and make little or no profit. "At present England is living on her own fat, so to speak, the balances being made up by expenditures of capital and interest on the earnings and profits of years gone by."

At the same time the agricultural population is diminishing, and the population drifting to manufacturing towns. The result is that there are more paupers, and the common people are less physically capable, are deteriorating for lack of fresh air and sunshine.

Further, this policy leaves Great Britain at the mercy of her enemies for her food-supply. In 1896 the United Kingdom imported 23,431,000 quarters of breadstuffs and produced for home consumption 4,325,000 quarters. Of these imports, a war with the United States and Russia would cut off 19,160,000 quarters, and England, with her fine artillery, her munitions of war, her armies and her navy, could be starved into submission without a battle.

"The great lesson to us all is that every effort should be made by all parts of the Empire to have this evil remedied, and the food-supply made safe, in order that we may be

self dependent and self-sustaining in every particular. The food to feed the British people should be grown upon British soil, under the flag of the Empire, where it could be secured in case of war, and where it would be among people ready to fight for it and guard it for the common cause."

Great Britain is living from hand to mouth, and national granaries or preferential tariff should be adopted. Col. Denison very strongly favours the latter. "A small preference, of two or three shillings a quarter, against the foreigner would increase the Canadian production of wheat by leaps and bounds." It would be better by preferential trade to assist in the development of Canada—a part of the Empire—than by a policy of absolute free trade to assist in the development of foreign and hostile countries.

The article is a thorough one and well worthy of study.

NATIONAL POETRY

Charles G. D. Roberts writes in the New York *Criterion* of "The National Savour In American Poetry," starting with an expression of the complaint that American poetry lacks Americanism. He points out that Milton did not write wholly on English themes, laying some of his scenes in heaven and in hell instead of in England; that Browning's scenes and themes are preponderantly Italian; and that Keats, Tennyson, Swinburne and Morris have poured out their passion for beauty upon the immortal myths of ancient Greece; but if an American poet takes up such subjects he is dubbed an imitator and is exhorted to patriotism and originality.

"The poet who writes in England seems licensed to range the worlds of earth, air and sea, with heaven and hell as a last resort, in search of subjects for his song. Why may not American, Canadian, Australian poets go as far afield? Why should they be expected to till restricted acres when their fellows in England have such an unfenced freedom? Why should the national subject, the national savour, be more compulsory upon the American or Canadian than upon the Englishman?"

"It is easy to explain the desire of English critics for a pronounced American savour in American poetry. It is partly based on

curiosity, and on an astonishingly persistent English notion that men and manners are grotesque on this side of the water. Some of these critics want to be amused or shocked by American verse. They find 'true Americanism' in Joachim Miller's poems, and are probably much more interested in that alleged characteristic than in the genuine and affluent poetry which so often warms this Western singer's lines. They get a pleasant shock from Walt Whitman, and straightway they hail him as the typical American poet. His barbaric yawp sounding over the roofs of the world is accepted as an example of the spirit of beauty trying to talk American.

"There are critics, however, on both sides of the water, whose demand for some sort of definite Americanism in American poetry is worthy of consideration. These are men wearying for a fresh impulse in song, in art—a fresh fillip to the world's imagination. They see a new country, with new institutions, new conditions, new ideals; and they look to its unwon forces for a rejuvenation of art in all its spheres. They are resentfully impatient at what they deem a neglect of obviously splendid opportunities. Then the first thing they look for in American poetry is a departure, a breaking with tradition, a disregard of what has made English poetry great in the past.

"What they expect is surely a miracle. They expect American poetry to be great in some other way than the greatest have discerned to be the best way. They forget the essential oneness of all great art. They forget the universality of poetic material. They forget that real originality is not to be achieved by taking thought—that real newness is not an affair of subject, but of the man behind the subject."



A STEVENSON MEMORIAL.

At a great public meeting held in the Music Hall, Edinburgh, on the 10th of December, 1896, Lord Rosebery presiding, it was resolved, on the motion of the chairman: "That in the opinion of this meeting it is desirable that steps should be taken to provide by public subscription a memorial in honour of the late Robert Louis Stevenson." By another resolution, moved by Mr. J. M. Barrie, a general committee and an executive committee were appointed to carry the proposal into effect.

Three meetings of the executive committee—the first held in Edinburgh on the 13th of January, 1897, the second in London on the 20th of January, and the third in Edinburgh again on the 15th of February—were devoted to

a careful consideration of the question of the form of memorial that would be, all in all, the most suitable. The result was (1) unanimous agreement "that the natural and proper place for the memorial is Edinburgh," and (2) an agreement, also unanimous, in these terms: "The form to be a personal memorial, to consist of statue, bust or medallion, with or without architectural or sculpturesque accompaniments." Unanimity in the first finding was immediate; in the second it was arrived at after various other suggestions had been mentioned and discussed.

Through the last year ample publicity has been given to the project of such a Stevenson Memorial, not only by notices in the newspapers, but also by visits of the acting-Secretary, Mr. J. H. Napier, to some of the chief towns of England and Scotland, with a view to conferences on the subject and the formation of local committees, and by correspondence with America, Australia and Canada. The response has equalled the expectation. Not in Scotland and England only, but over the whole English-speaking world there has been a ready concurrence among those who have felt the singular stimulus and charm of Stevenson's writings and known anything of the facts of his brave and peculiarly circumstanced life, in the opinion expressed by Lord Rosebery that there ought to be some permanent monument in recollection of a personality of such vivid mark in our generation, and of a life that has left so rich a bequest in British literature.

A Canadian committee has been formed for the purpose of collecting subscriptions to this memorial. His Excellency the Governor-General is Honorary President, the Rev. James Barclay, D.D., chairman of the Central Committee, and J. Macdonald Oxley, B.A., LL.B., Montreal, Honorary Secretary. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. Oxley or to the editor of "The Canadian Magazine," and will be duly acknowledged. Such a project as this should meet with many sympathisers in Canada.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

RUSKIN has said, "A great intellect, once abused, is a curse to the earth forever," and the opening of the new year is perhaps the most proper time to re-think upon this truth. Sometimes I wish Ruskin had left out that word "great," so that I and many of those whom I know would have been clearly within the application of his criticism. But the connection in which he used the phrase required the word, and I solace myself by thinking Ruskin really felt that the man who abused or misused his intellect, whether great or small, was a curse to humanity. I am the more ready to believe this when I remember that the Greatest Teacher reminded us that whether we were possessed of one talent or ten talents, the accounting day was equally certain.

Certainly many men abuse their intellects, for how few men ever rise to the limit of their capabilities! Sometimes a man is afraid to venture into new lines of thought or action, and his timidity, thus encouraged, grows as the large weed in the flower-bed, and kills out the plants that might have borne rich bloom. Another man is indifferent to his duty toward his fellowman, and is content to eat, and drink, and exist, leaving it to others to fill the ranks of the vanguard of civilization. Another allows his sensuous nature to expand at the expense of his spiritual, and he becomes a mere seeker after worldly possessions and cheap fame, so that when he shall have passed away from this world, there can be no reason for remembering that he had lived. This type of man is quite common in our day. He lives in the present, by the present, and for the present. He sees only to-day. Yesterday is to him a myth, and to-morrow a matter of no concern. He and his family are his only interest,

and the world in general has no value to him except as it may be exploited for his own selfish benefit. He is sordid, narrow, warped—his intellect is abused.

Every man is the moulder of his own destiny. Should he desire to die unlamented and to be soon forgotten, he may easily gain his desire. Should he wish to pierce into the mysteries of the life around and about us, to learn the truths that are patent and hidden, he will find it difficult, for it is hard to keep from abusing the intellect, difficult to overcome the "unconquerable apathy." No man ever developed his intellect unto greatness without a long, self-sacrificing struggle.



As the year 1898 dawns upon us we have a chance to arouse ourselves, take courage again, and gird us for the fight. There is work to be done for self, for fellow-man, for country and for eternity, and the man who bears no share in that work is untrue to his origin, to his fellow-man, and to himself. Canadians, especially, have much to do, if the race now being reared on this part of the North American continent is to be of the salt of the earth. Our origin, our history, our climate, our education, and our opportunities indicate that we may be among the great nations of history if we will but realize the higher duties which our citizenship entails. To accomplish this, however, this citizenship must be built on broad, deep foundations which will bear no resemblance or likeness to the narrow pillars of class distinctions. Every Canadian must possess equality of opportunity. Special privilege must be avoided, as it bids fair to become the leprosy of democracy. Those who now clothe themselves in correct speech, cultivated manners and fine

linen must not become so lost in admiration of themselves that they will forget the struggler who needs their help and their sympathy. If the poor hate the rich and the rich despise the poor, then there is an end of democratic government.



We may not all make new resolutions at the beginning of each new year, but we nearly all take retrospective glances at our lives. We do this in secret, and not even to our most bosom friends do we reveal what we see and feel. Lessons are learned and determinations formed which are not disclosed to any other living being, no matter how closely bound by natural, social or mental ties. Occasionally a weak man or a weak woman makes a public pledge of some kind at the opening of the new year, but it is of the strong that we think and talk, not of the weak.

The editor of the "Canadian Magazine" has looked back over the past editorial year, and if he shuddered over the weakness of his work and the shortcomings of this publication, he has no intention of revealing the fact. If he has learned lessons and made new resolves and aims, they will not be found recorded here. What conclusions he has arrived at from his retrospect can only be guessed from the vigour and character of forthcoming issues.

There is, however, one thing which every editor desires above all other circumstances and conditions of his position, and that is the sympathy of his readers. Imagine a preacher going into a pulpit once a week during a whole year and never having an opportunity of seeing the faces of his congregation to learn whether or not his discourses and his quotations are being listened to with pleased attention or with intense disgust! Imagine an orator enthusing on a political, social or economic subject without being able to see the enthusiasm which he was engendering in the hearts and minds of his audience! When you have pictured these two situations, you may combine them to obtain a somewhat

accurate idea of the position of an editor whose readers cover a stretch of territory three thousand miles across—aye, whose readers inhabit the land of the foreigner and the isles of the sea. At an ink-stained, manuscript-covered desk, within four dingy walls he sits, and scarcely a sound from his audience reaches his ears, though he strains for the slightest hiss or hurrah.

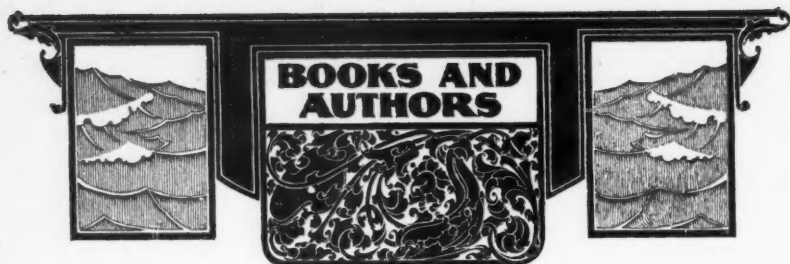
Such a state of affairs might be remedied. Those who subscribe for a magazine might occasionally say a word in praise, in criticism, or in suggestion; and from the babel of sound the editor might gather hope, encouragement and satisfaction. More than that even, he would have information which would help him gauge the desires of his audiences.

Last month our readers were asked for opinions and votes if they desired a trimmed magazine instead of an untrimmed one. The result has been that the publishers have decided to issue this month's magazine as usual, and to give readers another thirty days in which to write "trimmed" or "untrimmed" on the back of a postcard. Only fourteen votes were recorded in favour of a trimmed magazine, and those who desire the change must make their power felt more strongly before the change will be made. The replies received were from Galt, Markdale, Ottawa, Berlin, Toronto, Chesley, Thamesford, Hamilton, Montreal (3), Coaticook, Truro and Sydney. We quote from the Thamesford card:

THAMESFORD, ONT., Dec. 3, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—Regarding "Plebiscite," p. 187 CANADIAN MAGAZINE, I beg to say I have a decided objection to *untrimmed* books and magazines. It is only a modern fad. I have never yet heard any argument in its favour. As to books, it takes nearly an hour to cut a book, and to a rapid reader this is a nuisance; besides, books untrimmed soon catch the dust and look shabby. An untrimmed magazine will look ragged after the first reading, and to cut it neatly takes time and care, whereas a machine will do it in a second. Trusting to see the CANADIAN take the initiative in this respect, I am yours truly.

Whether or not this is the sentiment of the majority of our readers, is what we are anxious to discover.



HUMORS of '37; Grave, Gay and Grim," deals with "Rebellion Times in the Canadas." It has been written by Robina and Kathleen Macfarlane Lizars with a pair of scissors and a very eccentric pen. It is full of quotations from the books, pamphlets and newspapers of the time, all arranged in order like unto the pebbles on the seashore. The book is decidedly interesting. The interest never flags—for should it flag, the reader would soon find himself in "confusion worse confounded." Occasionally the book is divided into chapters; and occasionally several consecutive paragraphs deal with the same subject.

The book introduces a new style of literature into Canada, a style bright, witty, odd, eloquent, pathetic, grave, gay and grim. Who can deny that many of these qualities are to be found in the following sentences?

"They naturally came to centre in themselves all offices of honour and emolument; and the governors, all gentle, if some foolish, looked to them for counsel and support, before time was allowed for reflection, the governors so cleverly governed that they knew it not."

"The hall door, opened wide in welcome, disclosed an old man in antique jacket, small clothes and buckles, whose fine white hair, lying on his collar, was stirred by the night breeze."

"In the neighbourhood of his home, the Park Farm, lay for some thirty of forty miles, the French village form of settlement."

"During the first year of the rebellion the dwellers on the St. Clair frontier felt themselves aggrieved, as not of sufficient interest at military headquarters."

"Friends, two of whom were to be among the killed, came across to warn them."

"But in Montreal and elsewhere the rebels drilled on the military parade grounds, and complained bitterly if interfered with, and officers of the troops would make small knots of amused audience near them."

The mixing of singulars and plurals and other things in the following sentence is odd:

"With no hint of the future iron belt from Atlantic to Pacific, all travel was by stage, a painful mode, and costing some \$24 from Montreal to Toronto; or if by water, in long flat-bottomed bateaux rowed by four men, Durham boat, barge, or the new ventures, steamboats, where as yet passenger quarters were in the hold."

As for punctuation marks, the period is used where the interrogation mark might, according to custom and usage, have been expected; and the comma is ubiquitous, except when really necessary.

So much for the style of the book. As to its contents, it is a collection of myths, tales and facts concerning the period with which the book deals. It is an attempt to show the character of the people, the complexion of the times, and the crudeness of the civilization which then obtained. In their introduction the authors have called their collection of fragments "a m^elange"; they have used a very proper label.

As to the quality of humour in the book, I feel quite free to admit that neither Mark Twain nor Bill Nye has ever penned its equal.

"Tim and Mrs. Tim"* is a little paper-bound volume which may be safely attributed to Mr. Lancefield, the well-known writer on Copyright. It is a story of how a man may so wrap himself around with the swaddling clothes of clubs and societies that his wife, family and home see little of him. And it also shows how a wife and mother may so indulge in temperance, religious and social organizations, that her better and highest life is ruined. The story is clever, sarcastic and piercing, and not too long for the narrowness of its theme. If one desire to be critical, it might be said that the rhymes in the book might have been left out without detracting much from its value.

The cleverest woman writer in Canada is "Kit," and her little book "To London for the Jubilee" † is sure of a hearty reception. Yet her work is not always of the first order. Here is her opening paragraph :

"As the train steamed softly into London you caught your first sight of the Jubilee decorations. Coming direct from the freshness of a bright Canadian city, gray old London, with the soft mists of June enveloping her, and her flags and bunting gaily flying, gave a splendid picture to the eye tired of sad ocean reaches and the monotony of the mournful sea. A sort of breathlessness seized one at sight of the tall towers of Westminster looming through the soft blue vapours ; at glimpses up long vistas of streets already decorated with tall Venetian masts and crimson draperies ; at Father Thames shining in the June sunlight, with slow-moving barges sailing evenly upon his broad breast. One felt the nearness of the Jubilee, the importance that was attached to this great and historical event, now that one was on the spot and at the heart of things. When the train stopped at Waterloo Station the first burst of the splendour of London came full upon one, for all London society seemed thronging upon the platforms on its way down to the Jubilee Ascot, where, as you know, the Prince's Persimmon behaved in a royal manner. We had a glimpse at great people and their clothes," etc.

The expressions "you caught your first glimpse," "breathlessness seized one," "One felt the nearness of the Jubilee" and "We had a glimpse" show a carelessness of uniformity utterly indefensible. The phrase "Coming direct from the freshness of a bright Canadian city" should have been made into a separate sentence, as it has no connection whatever with the rest of the sentence to which it is prefixed. There is also one very bad typographical error on the page, which can hardly be forgiven. Perhaps this criticism is unnecessary, but the author of a book is legitimate prey for the pretentious critic.

In spite of these carelessnesses of style, the book is a rare treat, and is a splendid souvenir of a notable event. "Kit" is a master in the art of description, and these letters are perhaps the best specimens of her vivacious and brilliant work. Besides, she is always sympathetic, and never forgets that she is writing for "the people."

Frederick George Scott, who has already published two volumes of verse, now favours us with a third, entitled "The Unnamed Lake." ‡ It is a small volume containing thirteen short poems and seven sonnets. The strongest of the poems is "A Dream of the Prehistoric." The opening verses describe man as he was before historic times, the great change in the earth's surface,

And here in the after-times, man, the whited-faced and smooth-handed, came by,

And he built him a city to dwell in and temples of prayer to his God ;

He filled it with music and beauty, his spirit aspired to the sky,

While the dead by whose pain it was fashioned lay under the ground that he trod.

But the law, that was victor of old with its heel on the neck of the brute,

Still tramples our hearts in the darkness, still grinds down our face in the dust ;

We are sown in corruption and anguish—whose fingers will gather the fruit ?

Our life is but lent for a season—for whom do we hold it in trust ?

* Toronto : The Toronto News Co.

† To London for the Jubilee, by Kit : A series of nine letters sent to the *Toronto Mail and Empire*. Toronto : George N. Morang.

‡ Toronto : Wm. Briggs. 75 cents.

Yet we trust in the will of the Being whose fingers have spangled the night
 With the dust of a myriad worlds, and who speaks in the thunders of space;
 Though we see not the start or the finish, though vainly we cry for the light,
 Let us mount in the glory of manhood and meet the God-Man face to face.

Some of the poems are rather trivial, but all display the author's cleverness, his strong imagination, his sweetness of tone, and his delicacy of touch. The sonnets are splendid.



Canada holds to-day no more successful writer than William McLennan, whose work always appears in *Harper's*. His latest story is entitled "Spanish John,"* being "A Memoir, now just published in complete form, of the early life and adventures of Colonel John McDonnell, known as 'Spanish John,' when a lieutenant in the company of St. James of the Regiment Irlandia, in the service of the King of Spain operating in Italy."

And a wonderful story it is—full of adventure in Spain, in Italy, and in Scotland during the blood-shedding days of 1745, when the Stuart cause was lost forever. The style is simple and straightforward, but the conversational charm is always present, the good points of every story, every event and every adventure being displayed to the best advantage. Mr. McLennan never dresses himself as a Keene, an Irving or a Bennett, but retains always the home garb of the ordinary citizen, sitting at the fireside and telling his tales. There is a smoothness and a gentleness in his masterly touches which is unobtrusive yet telling, while his broad humanity touches every detail of his work, and leaves nothing strained or forced.

Every young man of Scotch descent in Canada will read this book with interest and great pleasure, and any other young Canadian, whether seeking for a story to beguile an unoccupied hour or for a literary model from which to learn something of style, will find this book worthy; and what is said of the young may be said of the old.



"Between Earth and Sky" is the name of the title-giving tale which opens the new volume of short stories by E. W. Thomson, author of "Old Man Savarin." William Briggs, the publisher of the volume, is to be congratulated upon this addition to his long list of notable Canadian books. Most of these tales have appeared in the *Youth's Companion*, and "possess all the qualities of adventure, dash and humour" that characterize the former collection of Mr. Thomson's work. Several of them are distinctively Canadian, notably "Over the Falls," a tale of Niagara; "In a Canoe," an experience with Indians on one of the rivers flowing into Hudson Bay; and "An Adventure on the St. Lawrence." Mr. Thomson has a wonderful way of perceiving and describing the tragic, and almost as often he can catch and locate the humorous.



John Miller, B.A., Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario, has given us a worthy volume in his "Books; A Guide to Good Reading."† To the many who desire to read and know little of how to pick volumes out from the multitudinous issues of the past and present, this book will be a great help. The author declares the purpose of it to be "inspiring young persons with a love for literature and of giving them some direction regarding the books that may be read with profit." A perusal of this book would do much to hurt the sale and circulation of many of the poor books that now find hosts of readers.

* Spanish John, by William McLennan. Illustrated by F. De Myrbach. New York: Harper & Bros.; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Cloth, 112 pp.

The February number of this publication will contain an article by Madame Sarah Grand, on "The Modern English Girl," with a portrait of this famous author. "The Beth Book,"* her latest work, like "The Heavenly Twins," is the story of a child, a girl this time, whose development she traces. As a recent critic says :—

"This book has the same double claim to attention as its predecessors. Her place in literature, such as it is, is won by her portrayal of child-life. She does this well. She does all else ill. Her vogue springs from her success in voicing the vague unrest and protest of women who mistake curiosity about morbid social evils for a desire for social reforms. She impresses these, and as they are both numerous and noisy, she is heard for her and their much speaking. Nor is there lacking basis for her rowing in the sound and sure levelling up of the mutual responsibilities of sex. . . . People will read this book. About it they will talk. It will sell. Parts of it will live and carry the rest along, for the mockery and mystery of childhood Madame Grand has made her own."

The Canadian edition of "The Beth Book" is well gotten up, and gives Mr. Morang a place among the two or three really enterprising Canadian publishers. The design of the cover is excellent, the binding much above the average, and the letterpress clear and distinct.

"The Investment of Influence,"† by Newell Dwight Hillis, is a very prettily bound volume with roughly cut edges and gilt top. "These chapters," says the author, "assert the debt of wealth to poverty, the debt of wisdom to ignorance, the debt of strength to weakness." He emphasizes self-culture, the necessity of every man developing his own character so that he may not be a mere filler of space, but rather an exhaler of such perfume as shall brighten and better the world.

From The Copp, Clark Co. come four splendid books which deserve special notice in these columns, but which can be but mentioned: "The School for Saints," by John Oliver Hobbes, "His Grace of Osmonde," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, "The Great Stone of Sardis," by Frank R. Stockton, and "Corleone," by F. Marion Crawford.

"Poppy," by Mrs. Isla Sitwell‡ is a bright, wholesome tale, suitable for Sunday-school libraries. Chris, who is unjustly accused of taking money, and who has some queer experiences in London and Australia, is a worthy character.

"Prisoners of the Sea," by Florence M. Kingsley,§ author of "Titus," "Stephen," and "Paul," is a romance of the seventeenth century, full of happenings of rare interest. The plot and the character of the tale are entirely different from Miss Kingsley's other books, and make this, her latest production, rank as a general novel. The story opens with the description of how some castaways—fugitive Huguenots among the number—found a handsome derelict yacht, and by it reached a deserted island, on which was a beautiful castle. Then follow the further adventures met with by the little party. An air of mystery pervades all the happenings, and the author is to be congratulated on the successful handling of her theme. The style is excellent.

T. Fisher Unwin has published his third volume of "Good Reading." This year it contains short extracts from the new volumes of the forty-three authors represented. Besides being unique in the style of its make-up, its motif, and its contents, it is unique in its illustrations. There are half-tone portraits of each of the authors, and these are as poor and as miserable as British half-tones usually are. Even Canadian cuts are artistic compared with these.

* Toronto: Geo. N. Morang.

† Toronto and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Co. Cloth, \$1.25.

‡ London: T. Nelson & Sons. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

§ Prisoners of the Sea, by Florence M. Kingsley. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"The Temple of Folly," by Paul Cheswick, a story of adventure in England, at sea, and in France, is published in Unwin's Colonial Library.

"Wild Life in Southern Seas," by Louis Becke, an author not unknown to Canadians, is published in the same Library. It is an Australian tale which is well worth reading.

"A Tsar's Gratitude," by Fred Wishaw, author of "A Boyar of the Terrible," etc., is published in Longman's Colonial Library. It is a Russian story, opening up with an exciting incident which occurred during the Crimean War.

"The Luck of the Eardleys," by Sheela E. Braine, is one of those excellent stories for children for which the house of Blackie & Son is noted.

An important volume in Methuen's Colonial Library is "A Short History of the Royal Navy, 1217 to 1688," by David Hannay. It is to be followed by another dealing with the navy of the seventeenth century. To any person at all interested in Great Britain's sea power these volumes will be very interesting, as they are not technical but written in a popular style—history accurately but lightly told.

The Copp, Clark Co. are issuing in Canada the Victoria Edition of Scott's novels prepared by A. & C. Black, of Edinburgh. There are twenty-five volumes in the set, which is sold at \$12.50. It is printed from the same plates as the Centenary Edition, which was published at \$1.25 per volume.

"Henry Cadavere" is the title of a socialistic novel which has its scenes laid in various places from Collingwood on the Georgian Bay to New York. It is written in a style very much like a harangue delivered on the stump. The author is H. W. Bellsmith, and the publisher, The Commonwealth Company, 28 Lafayette Place, New York.

"Rambles in Polynesia" is a series of descriptive sketches of the wonderful isles of the sea, by "Sundowner," an able London editor, who has written "Wild Life in the Pacific," "Above the Clouds in Ecuador," and many other books of travel. To those who love to read of far-away lands and people, this book cannot fail to be a source of much pleasure. Published by The European Mail, Ludgate Circus, London, S.C.

Several pretty and artistic calendars have reached us through the kindness of the Toronto Lithographing Co. The one advertising Rogers' Coal, a design by J. D. Kelly, is pleasing in conception and execution, the quiet, yet decided colouring bringing out the full strength of the picture. The little black coal-heaver is a delight. That advertising Conger Coal is even more artistic, though perhaps less striking. It is a picture of the Yukon River with Dawson City in the distance and a dog-train in the foreground. The Canadian flag is planted in the heights—a fine touch. The colouring of the sky and of the bare mountains shows the remarkable effects that may be produced by fine lithographing. The Toronto Brewing and Malting calendar is bolder and stronger in design and in colouring, but less original, although perfectly suited to the purpose.



Literature says: "Mr. Gilbert Parker has now all but completed his new book, which is to be called 'The Battle of the Strong.' This novel will begin to run serially in the January number of *Good Words*, and in America, of the *Atlantic Monthly*, of which latter magazine it will mark the fortieth anniversary. It will eventually be published in London by Methuen & Co., and at Boston by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Readers of Mr. Gilbert Parker's work will find that he now traverses entirely fresh ground and draws for his materials upon a picturesque period of English history. Much of the scene is laid in the island of Jersey, which has hitherto been neglected by the romance writer, although Miss Ella D'Arcy and one or two others have written interesting short stories with the Channel Islands for background.

"Mr. Parker is about to make a journey through Spain and along the south coast of the Mediterranean, making explorations in Egypt, Greece, Turkey, the Balkan States, and so northward to Russia."

NATIONAL SPORT.

REVIEWS OF THE SEASON.

THE Rugby football season has been so important that we feel justified in publishing two "closing" paragraphs, one from a United States paper and one from a Canadian.

The N.Y. *Criterion* says :

The result of the Yale-Princeton and Harvard-Pennsylvania football games is a joy indeed to every lover of clean inter-collegiate sport. Yale has throughout played good, non-slugging football. Harvard incurred a slight stigma at Philadelphia ; but taken as a whole the big universities have set an example to every athlete in America. More than that, they have shown that fair play means money to its promoters. The enormous receipts at these contests came not only from the college element, but from that great part of the public which likes to see a contest fought out on its merits, without jockeying, chicanery or gate-money considerations. Professional baseball has received the injury known as a black-eye during this past season, because its backers have permitted ruffianism to take the place of legitimate sport. Horse-racing has come up, because the gentlemen who are stewards of the Jockey Club have gained control of the tracks, and the worse elements of the turf have been obliged to bow to their authority. The black-leg seems to have had his day in American sports, and to the college men who have preserved the integrity of their athletics is largely due the credit for this improvement.

The sporting editor of the *Toronto World* writes the following :

Never has the game of Rugby met with such public appreciation and generous support, or such prominence from the press of Ontario and Quebec, as in the season which has just closed. Almost every town in Ontario and all the cities of the east have their football teams, and where, a few short seasons ago, the fascinating pigskin was a thing unknown, touchdowns, crooked officials and ill-regulated timepieces are as blackberries on the bush, while in the cities big games are the rule as much as formerly they were the exception. This has, as might have been anticipated, produced the usual result. The general playing is better, the teams are financially on easy street, but there are more post-mortems held on important matches, more protests, more unfair criticism and more hard feeling than of yore. In fairness it must be said, however, that the players themselves are seldom responsible for these unfortunate

sequels, and every experienced man will bear witness that courtesy to officials and gentlemanly play are much more general than ten or even five years ago.

It is demonstrated several times a month during the season that if the right men play in the right spirit, football is an excellent game—rough but not brutal. The difficulty is to secure in every player a growth in grace that shall just keep step with his growth in energy. If there is an excess of grace the other side wins, and if the physical energy is disproportionate someone gets hurt.

WINTER PASTIMES IN MANITOBA.

To one unacquainted with a Manitoba winter it would be hard to realize, after enjoying one of the beautiful autumn days, to what extent this climate of ours can change within a very short period. The occupations and pleasures of the people change almost as completely.

This being a farming community, the fall is, of course, the busiest time of the year; but ere the commencement of the colder season the stress of the work is almost completed. Houses are renovated, barns made more comfortable, and all necessary preparations are made for the comfort of man and beast. Possibly, the general idea is prevalent to a great extent in the East that this country at this season somewhat resembles the ice-fields of Alaska or the frozen plains of Siberia; but such ideas are erroneous. Although the climate is certainly colder than in the eastern provinces, our mode of passing the winter is, on the whole, somewhat similar. As a rule, the people are fond of healthy amusements, skating, curling, hockey, snowshoeing and indoor pastimes tending to while away the long winter evenings and other leisure hours.

Skating is principally indulged in by the younger element, although many of the older people who learned in bygone days still enjoy the sport and spend happy hours at the exhilarating pastime. With the increasing number

of skaters every year, hockey is becoming more and more popular. For a long time it has been prominent in Winnipeg and the larger towns, but now adherents and admirers of this fascinating game are found in all parts of the Province.

Curling has many enthusiastic followers. This, of course, is the leading pastime among the older members of the male fraternity, and the participants and lovers of the roarin' game have, indeed, very efficient organizations. The annual Bonspiels held in different parts of Manitoba are keenly contested by the skilful experts of the "broom and stanes."

In the country, where the houses are more scattered and the facilities for the above-mentioned sports are not so accessible, other means, such as dancing and social gatherings, are found to make the long evenings pass pleasantly. Among the many endowments nature has bestowed upon the Prairie Province is a clear moonlight night, and though the thermometer may register far below zero, it is a common sight to see a jolly party, comfortably muffled and seated in large sleighs, gliding over the crusted snow, their happy laugh keeping time with the merry jingle of the bells. Arriving at their destination, they proceed to enjoy themselves in good old-fashioned style. In one room of the house violins are keeping time to the buoyant footsteps of the dancers, whilst in another room reminiscences of bygone days are being retold and listened to by the older folks as they gather round the comfortable hearth. Before the guests return to their respective homes refreshments are served, and finally the host and hostess wish them a cheerful *au revoir*.

Formerly, when railroads were unknown in this country, buffaloes were plentiful in the unsettled districts, but in later years it is an uncommon sight to see anything larger than a wolf or a deer. The latter are also becoming extinct so far as Manitoba is concerned, yet sportsmen find plenty of pastime in shooting game of a smaller specie,

such as geese, ducks, rabbits and chickens, which are very plentiful.

A perusal of the above might suggest to the reader that sports and pastimes occupy almost the whole attention of the populace; but the industrial advancement of the country is proof positive to the contrary. Church work, from a social standpoint, always occupies a prominent place in the winter's programme, while much enjoyment as well as intellectual improvement is also derived from the reading of books and current magazines. To make this mode of entertainment more accessible, many public libraries have been established, whilst their numbers are yearly increasing.

"The people from the north always conquer," is an ancient adage, and although it refers to the warlike tribes of old, it would aptly apply to the inhabitants of this Great Western Province nowadays. It does not refer to the use of arms, but rather to the ability to compete successfully with other peoples in all lines of commercial enterprise undertaken by them. In the arena of manly sports their past achievements and records have always been noticeable, and give ample proof that the vigorous and bracing air of Manitoba tends to create a perfect physical human being.

In years to come, when the now sparsely populated stretches of fertile prairie have become inhabited with a prosperous and industrious people, it will be shown to the world at large that Manitoba can produce men and women physically and mentally superior.

— F. B. B.

HOCKEY.

The hockey season is on and the cold weather of December has provided plenty of ice on all kinds of rinks. The series of games in the different leagues and grades of players will be seriously contested, and will furnish much hard and healthy work for the players and much amusement for the public. A hockey match is an agreeable change in the eternal round of card parties, dances and operas.



FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRI-MARIE BEYER.

THE FISHERIES OF DIEPPE.

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.